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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

Things are going well in Russia, where the forces of civilisation are closing in from all quarters on the murderous and thieving Bolsheviks. We gather from the newspapers that Kronstadt is fortified effectively by the Bolsheviks; at least that it is protected by mine-fields and some destroyers, if not by battleships and big guns. We know that in modern warfare the most insignificant and undisciplined forces can hold a defensive position; but we are still puzzled as to the Bolshevik supply of munitions, which we think must be nearing exhaustion. Letts, Esthonians, Finns, Cosacks, and probably Ukrainians are leaving Lenin and joining the Allies. Meanwhile Poland is troublesome. Despite of the promises of the pianist, which seem as fragile as pie-crust or as those of lovers, the Poles have begun "a sort of a kind of a war" against the Ukrainians. And these Poles are the nation which some map-designers propose to substitute for Germany as a centre of European gravity!

Lord Hugh Cecil is master of a picturesque and persuasive style, which he employs, we are glad to see, in supporting our views about the economic conditions of the peace with Germany. In these columns we have more than once stated that it is bad business to bankrupt a debtor. Lord Hugh proposes that the economic terms of the treaty might be subject to revision by the League of Nations, as soon as it is decided to admit Germany to that body. "The impoverishment of Germany can never add to the riches of England. In order to have England and France as rich as they can be made, Germany must be rich too. We want to see Germans no longer trained by Prussian drill-sergeants, but busy industrial and commercial men, with fat stomachs and slouching shoulders, zealous producers of wealth to be exchanged with ours. . . . The economic terms . . . will make the Germans more like man-eating tigers, hungry and cruel, an abiding menace to the tranquillity of others. . . . Without undue optimism, may we not hope to turn them from the worship of Moloch to that of Mammon?" Excellent sense this, wittily put.

In matters of commerce we really are no match for the Americans. Whilst Mr. Bottomley and Colonel Claude Lowther are shouting for "the last farthing" of the 8,000 millions, American "drummers" are quietly spreading themselves in the German towns, booking peace orders as fast as they can. The Hotel

Adlon in Berlin is crowded with American bagmen, in the guise of agents of the Y.M.C.A., who are offering and securing business for the United States. The section of the British Press that is clamouring for the financial ruin of Germany is mistaken in supposing that the influence of German financiers is interposing to moderate the terms. It is the Americans who are doing it, and who together with the Japanese will snatch the world-trade from England, if we go on raising the cost of production by raising wages to placate the trade-unions.

In May, 1919, Mr. Asquith goes to Newcastle to explain a speech made in the same place in April, 1915. But Mr. Asquith's revelation has all along been a *secret de Polichinelle* to those who know anything about public affairs. Everybody knew that Lord Kitchener instructed the Prime Minister to say it was untrue that our military operations in the first six months of the war had been hampered by shortage of munitions. This statement, which may or may not have been true, (Lord French says it was not true), was twisted by the Press and Mr. Asquith's enemies into an announcement that there was no fear of an inadequacy of supply in the future, which he did not say, or rather, he said the reverse. But was it the fact that our first Expeditionary Force was not hampered by shortage of shells and guns? Lord French complains, if we understand his case, that Lord Kitchener kept him dangerously short of shells, guns, and men—but the men Lord Kitchener could not help, and he got us more men when perhaps no other soldier could have done so.

The facts that Lord Kitchener got us a million volunteers, that he was in some respects a great organiser, that he was devoted to his country, and that he died tragically, ought not to blind us to the justice of the case as between him and Lord French, and the nation. Lord Kitchener may have thought that there was an adequate supply of munitions, or he may have said so to shield himself or the Ordnance department. We ought to hear General von Donop on the question, and the big armament firms, who are severely blamed by certain people for taking orders from the Ordnance department which they did not fill, and which they ought to have known that they could not fill. The fact that Lord Kitchener is dead ought not to smother the inquiry, which Lord French demands: for, after all, as Mr. Asquith said, there is the official correspondence, and letters are no respecters of persons.

Mr. Asquith is wrong in supposing that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain would have smiled contemptuously at his son's "homœopathic dose" of protection. It was just such a small proposal that caused the first break-up of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet in 1903 by the secession of Mr. Chamberlain himself and the Free Traders. Mr. Ritchie was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in discussing the draft Budget at the Cabinet councils Mr. Chamberlain, who had just come back from South Africa, proposed that the 1s. duty on corn, instead of being abolished, should be continued against foreign nations and remitted in favour of colonial grain. As no one could make out which side Mr. Balfour, then Prime Minister, would take, Lord Balfour, Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Ritchie left the Cabinet on Free Trade grounds, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain left it on Protectionist grounds. Finally, Mr. Balfour declared against the corn duty, but made Mr. Austen Chamberlain his Chancellor of the Exchequer!

The Canadian House of Commons has drawn up an Address to the Crown, which will be forwarded by the Duke of Devonshire on receiving it from the Government, protesting against the bestowal of any titles on Canadians. All this hubbub has been caused by the insane and incontinent heaping of honours on the head of Lord Beaverbrook by Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Lloyd George. The peerages of Lords Strathcona, Mount Stephen, and Shaughnessy, were granted as the recognition of long careers spent in the public service of the Empire. Mr. W. M. Aitken came over here in 1910, quite unknown, the "smart" financier who had realised a million by company mergers, fluked into Parliament for Ashton-under-Lyne, and in five years was made a knight, a baronet, a privy councillor, and a peer. What for? gasped the Canadians, who knew their Max well enough. As no avowable reason existed, the Canadians suspected the worst. Neither has the knighthood of Sir Sam Hughes increased the Canadians' respect for "the fountain of honour," which plays at the bidding of politicians.

Now that we have done heaping peerages, baronetcies, knighthoods and ribbons of all colours on the politicians and profiteers (yclept "business men"), we suppose something will be done for the soldiers. And what are the Government going to do for Sir Douglas Haig? We understand that Sir Douglas Haig is anything but a rich man, being only distantly connected with the great whisky firm, which shines by reflected glory and diluted potations. It is therefore fitting that the Commander of the British Army, who has brought the greatest war in history to a successful close, should receive not only a peerage, but a grant of money to enable him to support that dignity. "Great men," a poet tells us, "have always scorned great recompenses." Sir Douglas Haig is the least mercenary or selfish of men; but he ought not to be less handsomely rewarded than his predecessors.

Sir Garnet Wolseley was made a Viscount and received the Garter. Sir Frederick Roberts was given the Garter and an earldom. But neither the services of Lord Wolseley in Egypt and South Africa, nor the services of Lord Roberts in India and the Transvaal, can be compared with the command of an army of three million men for three years in the Great War. To make a fitting comparison we must go back to Marlborough and Wellington. Marlborough was a great military genius; perhaps as great as Buonaparte or Frederick; but he was also a great thief. It is impossible to say what he got out of the war with Louis XIV., because he took a commission from Sir Solomon Medina on the bread contracts for the troops, and levied 2½ per cent. on the many millions of subsidies voted by England to her foreign allies. The nation, or, rather, Queen Anne, built the greater part of Blenheim for him; he was impeached publicly for stealing £280,000, which caused much grief to the simple Coxes; and he left at his death a fortune of over a million.

Marlborough is therefore no precedent. But what about Wellington? In 1808 Sir Arthur Wellesley was given the command of our small army of 10,000 in the Peninsula, afterwards increased to 30,000. After Talavera in 1809 Wellesley was raised to the peerage as Viscount Wellington, and in 1814, after the evacuation of Spain by the French, he was created Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington, and in the House of Commons the Government (Lord Liverpool's) proposed a grant of £300,000. The Whigs, who had abused and opposed Sir Arthur Wellesley, now that he was successful, came cringing to his feet, and Sam Whitbread, their leader, carried an amendment, to raise the grant to £500,000. Nobody thought this too much, though it was before Waterloo, except the implacable Byron, who sang in 'Don Juan,'

"And half a million for your Sabine farm  
Is rather dear—I'm sure I mean no harm."

Comparisons are said to be odious; but we must have some standard of measurement. Are the services of Sir Douglas Haig in defeating the Kaiser comparable with those of Wellington in beating Napoleon? In value to the nation we think they are, though the Kaiser is certainly not a genius, as Napoleon was. But we live in democratic days when the tendency is to exalt the performance of the private soldier and to depress that of his general. We are pretty sure that Sir Douglas Haig would not wish to be made a duke, for have not dukes had their day, and are they not just now a convenient cock-shy for the rabble? We are quite certain that he will not be granted "half a million for his Sabine farm." For is not big money reserved for the hands of the business men, like Lord Inverforth and Sir Eric Geddes? Loch Doon, Cippenham and Chepstow have swallowed up many millions, hundreds of millions. But somehow we feel that an Earldom, the Garter, and a pension of £5,000 a year will be deemed a generous reward for Sir Douglas Haig. Peerages were conferred on five of Wellington's Peninsula generals, namely, Hill, Beresford, Hope, Cotton, and Graham. We don't know what will be done for Sir Douglas Haig's generals.

Democratic diplomacy is wearing thinner every day. Messrs. Wilson, George, Clemenceau and Orlando are the heads of four purely democratic countries, two of them being republics. Yet they are as shy of taking their countrymen into their confidence as a Metternich or a Talleyrand. The full terms of the Peace are not to be given to Parliament and the public: a day is not to be given for the discussion of indemnities, or hanging the Kaiser, or any part of the Treaty. From our point of view this is all as it should be: we know well that you cannot conduct delicate negotiations, in private or public affairs, with the world and his chattering wife looking over your shoulder. But then why have the papers been screaming about "no secret diplomacy," "cards on the table," etc., etc.? President Wilson has cackled louder than anybody about "open diplomacy," and "the plain people" governing the world! Fudge!

Sir Charles Henry is an old personal friend of Mr. Lloyd George, and for many years was the agent in London of the United States Copper Trust. So far as wealth is a test of ability, Sir Charles Henry is one of the ablest of our business politicians; and this is what he says of Sir Eric Geddes and the Chepstow Yard: "He (i.e., Sir Eric) has often been described as a superman. If reckless schemes, profligate expenditure, total disregard of the national finances divorced from the Treasury constituted a superman, he (Sir Charles) had no use for supermen, certainly not as the heads of Government Departments and the directors of Government policy." To all which, and much more, Superman Geddes replies by confession and avoidance, viz.: that Chepstow is a loss, but that it is easy to be wise after the event, and that, had the war continued, Chepstow Yard would have been cited as an instance of Government foresight in building merchant ships.



Mr. Kennedy Jones (who is so rich that he can say this sort of thing) declares that a Member of Parliament ought to be paid £4,000 instead of £400 a year, such a dog's life does he lead—which is true. On coming down in the morning the M.P. finds himself confronted with 20 to 40 letters from his constituents, most of them begging him to get somebody demobilised without delay. Each of these requests involves two letters of answer, one to the constituent, and one to the War Office. At 10.30 or 11 the Member has to be at Westminster to sit on a Committee till lunch time, when, after an interval of two hours, he again sits on the Committee, listening and speaking, from 4 to 6 p.m. At that hour he is released for his attendance in the House itself until midnight. It will thus be seen that the M.P. is almost obliged to hire a private secretary to attend to his correspondence, and that any idea of attending to his own affairs, or carrying on another business or trade is out of the question.

For all this labour and worry (and the mere physical fatigue is considerable) the Member receives £400 a year, less tax, which in most cases must reduce the pay to £300, of which the purchasing power is about £150 as compared with pre-war values. But the labour and the smallness of the salary are not the worst. The most depressing thing in the ordinary Member of Parliament's life is the haunting sense of futility, the perception that he can do neither his own business nor the nation's. And yet for every Parliamentary vacancy there is not only no difficulty in finding candidates, but there are always more candidates than can be selected. There is a metropolitan division at this minute whose member, if he should recover, will never sit again, and there are no less than five men and one woman asking for "Coupon U." Such is the overwhelming mania of men and women to be distinguished by some badge or label from their fellow men and women!

Syndicalism, or Guild Socialism, as Mr. G. D. Cole prefers to call it, has received a mortal blow from the refusal of the Federation of Engineers and Shipbuilders to take over Chepstow Yard from the Government. We understand that the two Trade-Unions were willing to take over the yard on the following terms: the purchase price to be fixed by themselves (as the buyers); the Government to advance the capital necessary; and to guarantee to take the total output of the yard at prices to be fixed by the Trade-Unions (as the sellers). On those terms we would ourselves undertake to find the capital and run the Chepstow or any other yard, for it is a case of "heads I win, and tails you lose." Luckily for all of us, labour leaders are wiser than crack-brained theorists like Mr. Cole, for they know well the risks taken by the capitalist employer, and, unless they are allowed to buy and sell at their own prices, they are "not taking any."

The Coal Commission seems to be drifting into a very awkward dilemma. It has practically pledged itself (at least the majority have), to nationalisation before hearing the evidence. Outside the Robing-room the public, who have been reading the evidence, have come to the conclusion that "the dukes" have downed Mr. Smillie. The evidence of the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Londonderry was so sensible and pointed that nationalisation stock is at a discount. But if nationalisation be abandoned, a monopoly of the coal trade will fall, as Lord Monkswell pointed out in *The Times* of Monday, into the hands of Mr. Smillie and the Miners' Federation. Of two evils choose the less. State Control is bad: but would it not be better than the control of the Miners' Federation? Already the export of coal from the Humber is at a standstill.

The shortage of coal inland continues, though the munition works, which consumed very large quantities, have stopped. The export of coal from the Humber seems to be practically suspended, causing great dissatisfaction in that port, which must end in distress, for when exports from a port cease it loses the import trade as well. Where is all the coal going to? We are informed that the output of coal in South Yorkshire has

decreased to the extent of 200,000 tons per week, which is not surprising, seeing that the percentage of absenteeism in a group of South Yorkshire colliers now before us shows: colliers, 25.26; other underground workers, 19.48; surface workers, 16.56; average absenteeism for the colliery, 20.91 per cent. And yet Mr. Smillie and the Commission assert that higher wages and shorter hours tend to increase output.

We hope the public fully realise the result of the cowardly concessions made by the Commission to the threatening demands of the Miners' Federation. From the reply of Sir Auckland Geddes on Monday to Mr. Manville, it appears that (i.) our export trade, (ii.) our home industries, (iii.) our domestic health and comfort are all seriously endangered by the shortening of hours in coal mines and the raising of wages. The output of coal is steadily declining, before the reduction of hours has begun, by the absenteeism of the colliers. If these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? At the same time the South Wales Miners' Federation are refusing to pay income tax, because the Government decline to raise the exemption limit to £250, and to raise the amount of abatements between £160 and £500. The Miners consider that a man making £5 a week should pay no taxes at all, and that a man making £10 a week should receive large abatements. Unless the nation will make up its mind to fight and beat the Miners' Federation, we shall ruin our industries and lose our firesides.

We cannot agree with Sir Edward Carson that 50 per cent. of incomes of over £3,000 is a "fair contribution" to the cost of the war; nor can we share his altruistic joy in parting with that proportion of our earnings. We should not mind if the proletariat, the idle upper classes, paid their share; but when we see men earning from £5 to £10 a week refusing to pay their abated income tax, we are not glad. Apart from the impossibility of valuation, there might be something to be said for a capital levy, if we knew that it meant a reduced income tax. But we know well that the capital levy would be made without reducing income tax; and that it would be made again and again for the purpose of supplying labourers' wives with hot-water bottles, and their "kids" with tennis courts. Someone says, "Have the tooth out once for all: better than drilling and stopping." In five years' time owners of money and lands would not have a tooth left in any of their heads.

Sir Allan Smith and Mr. Smillie are much shocked because the coal-owners have distributed circulars against nationalisation, and they are annoyed by the criticisms of the Press. Apparently these democrats are quite ready to imprison somebody in the Clock Tower for daring to criticise their doings. Seeing that the Fabians and the Labourites have a perfectly organised press, which takes care to represent the owners' case in as black a light as possible, it is absurd that the coal-owners should not be allowed to circularise as much as they please: in fact, they have not advertised their case half enough. As for criticism, we have repeatedly stated our opinion that the Government, in an hour of panic about a winter strike, selected a Commission, of which the majority were known to be in favour of the colliers' demands and against the owners: that this majority pronounced in favour of nationalisation before they had heard the evidence: that a large number of owners' witnesses were not called; and those that were called were treated as "hostile witnesses" in a law court, i.e., bullied and insulted.

It appears that there are 1,000 fewer taxi-cabs plying for hire than in 1913, and as there must be at least 100,000 more people in London wanting taxis, the exasperating shortage is explained. We learn that there are hundreds of taxis standing in garages and hundred of drivers drawing doles, because neither the labour nor the material necessary to repair and re-start the taxis is available, and that we must wait till next year.

## CAPITAL OF INCOME?

Mr. Asquith was presumably consulted with regard to the action of the Opposition on the second reading of the Finance Bill. We are therefore entitled to ask, who represented the views of the leader of the Liberal party, Sir Donald Maclean, or Mr. Acland? Sir Donald Maclean uttered a string of commonplaces about Treasury control of expenditure; but was careful not to commit himself to a levy on capital, which, he said truly if platitudinously, was an affair of expediency that ought not to be made a party question. Of all the proposals for checking the Government's mad career of extravagance Treasury control is the most futile, for it never goes beyond the pettiest details, and may be dismissed in Mr. Baldwin's phrase as "a delusion." The House of Commons is equally impotent, for every proposal to reduce a vote in supply is met by Government in one or two ways: either it is a vote of want of confidence, and may precipitate a dissolution; or it will entail the dismissal or impoverishment of employees; and either argument is conclusive. The constituencies, and they alone, can bring about retrenchment: nothing but an aroused public opinion on the subject of jobbery and waste by departments will ever induce a modern Government to stop spending public money. And the constituencies will never demand economy until the majority of voters contribute to the payment of the taxes, which at present they do not.

Mr. Acland moved the rejection of the Budget because it failed to deal with the war debt by means of a capital levy, because it reduced the taxes payable by the recipients of business profits without lessening burdens borne by those whose labour contributed to the creation of those profits, and because it initiated a system of preferential and protective tariffs. Before going further, may we ask what are the burdens of the labouring classes, burdens, we mean, for which special relief may be justly asked? So far as is ascertainable from statistics, the proletariat—we understand this is the correct term to describe the idle rich—have contributed financially nothing to the war. They have offered their lives neither more nor less freely than the land-owning and the professional classes; and financially they have paid nothing. All the increased taxes on commodities, on tea, tobacco, and alcohol (which, by the way, the other classes pay as well as they), have been met and exceeded by increased wages for less work than before the war.

But the gravamen of the Liberal attack on the Budget is that it fails to propose a levy on capital; and we must assume that is Mr. Asquith's platform. We agree with Sir Donald Maclean and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bonar Law that the whole question is one of expediency, rather than principle, as may be said of most fiscal systems. The object of all Chancellors of the Exchequer ought to be the same, namely, to get as much money as possible with (i.) as little injury to trade as possible, and (ii.) with as fair a distribution of the taxes between the different classes as possible. It is on the second head, the distribution of burdens, that political prejudice and party bias will creep in. We understand it to be the demand of the proletariat to-day that they shall pay no taxes at all, for they call for the abolition of indirect taxes on commodities, and they ask that exemption from income tax shall be raised from £130 to £250. As it is, in the mining districts, the workers have very often to be sued in the county courts for their income tax. That nine-tenths of the population should pay no taxes at all can hardly be regarded as an equitable distribution of national burdens. Nor, we imagine, would the more serious and sensible of the working-men or their representatives say that it was. But, unfortunately, in these matters we have to deal, not with the older men who have learned something by living, but with the younger men, who know nothing of facts, and who are whipped up by their Union Secretary, or professional agitator, who lives on their discontent.

Whether the owners of land and money should meet the exorbitant demands of the modern State out of

income or capital is for them to decide. The spendthrift is often chaffed on his inability to distinguish between capital and income: but in truth the distinction is either a fluent or a subtle one. It is a distinction which still baffles lawyers and accountants. What is capital and what is revenue? All income is potential capital, that is, all income by being saved may become capital. Is a reserve account in a balance sheet, where it figures as a liability, capital or income? That is one of the many problems with which any Government which tried a levy on capital would find itself confronted. We predict that if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to announce a levy on capital, every reserve account in every balance-sheet of every company would somehow disappear. The overwhelming argument in favour of an income-tax as compared with a capital levy is that, as regards the individual, income is a matter of fact, while capital is a matter of opinion. A block of shares, a patent, a rubber plantation, who shall value these for the purpose of taxation? To suppose that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should become a Stock Exchange "bear" of huge lines of debentures, stocks, and shares, is an unthinkable absurdity. Yet such is the levity and cowardice with which the question of the Coal Trade has been handled by the Commission, apparently on instructions from the Government, that we can no longer be certain that the wildest financial experiments will not be made. Mr. Chamberlain's speech on the subject of a capital levy was sensible and reassuring. This is no time to alarm and annoy the monied interest by cranks and pranks: on the contrary, the State wants their co-operation and confidence. A levy on capital would make all future borrowing impossible. We must congratulate Sir Alfred Mond on the really original discovery that a preferential tariff, by lowering duties on some commodities as compared with others, is an augmentation of Free Trade. It is an argument of which the College of Propaganda might be proud. We are not fond of tariffs, which we consider justifiable only as instruments of taxation. The only means of distributing the taxation between the different classes is a tariff. At present, direct taxation (i.e., income and super-tax, excess profits and death duties) contributes 80 per cent. of the revenue, which, as it is paid by 5 per cent. of the population, is unfair. The sentimental argument in favour of preference, as "a love token," we regard as nonsense.

## LETTING IN THE DESERT.

OF all the reckless exploits of our wartime propagandists (who seem to have had for motto "After us the deluge") none is more likely to prove embarrassing in an immediate, and disastrous in a not far distant, future than the undertaking which committed England to the policy of founding and supporting a great Arab kingdom under the Sherif of Mecca. The "experts" who direct our Oriental policy seem to have imagined (1) that all the people who speak Arabic are Arabs (2) that the Muslims of the world regard the inhabitants of Mecca and its sacred territory with affection and respect, (3) that the Sherif of Mecca has a better right in Muslim law to the Caliphate than that possessed by the Sultan of Turkey, and therefore (4) that his assumption of that dignity would be welcomed as a restoration and applauded by all Islâm, with the exception of Osmanli Turks. That they have been disillusioned on the last two heads we may conclude from a declaration made authoritatively in the House of Commons more than a year ago to the effect that the British Government had never thought of interference in the question of the Caliphate, regarding that question as the concern of the Muslims only; and from a recent order from the King of the Hejjâz, published in his official journal (*Al Giblah*, Mecca), forbidding any of his subjects to address him as "Commander of the Faithful," because "that title is reserved to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey as Khalifah of the Muslims." In other words, the great Hejjâz intrigue has failed, as any unprejudiced student of Great



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Britain's Oriental policy from Pitt to Disraeli could have prophesied that it would fail, of its main object, which was, in one way or another, to set up an effective rival to the Turkish Power in the affections of the Muslims of the British Empire. The attempt has merely angered the Islamic world; and the whole odium of it rests on England, for the King of the Hejjâz has known how to excuse himself to his co-religionists and to depict himself as no willing agent, but a victim of superior force.

That attempt has been abandoned, though too late. But the idea that everyone who speaks Arabic is an Arab and would welcome wild Hejjâzi Arabs as his kith and kin or as his natural rulers still, so far as we know, animates our policy. As a matter of fact, the Arabic language is spoken by peoples as distinct as those who speak what we now call the Latin tongues, and the dialect of Morocco differs from that of Oman as much as the speech of Venice differs from that of Madrid. But behind these spoken dialects there is the classical Arabic, the only language of religion and of literature, in exactly the position Latin occupied of old in Europe. These Arabic-speaking peoples do not regard themselves as separate nationalities, but as Muslims, members of a universal brotherhood. The division which they recognise is between good Muslims and bad Muslims; and, speaking in a general way, the good Muslims are the settled population of fertile lands where there are towns and villages, and the bad Muslims are the Arabs of the desert. The settled population of Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, lives in terror of the inroads of the desert Arabs; and the Turk was their protection from those inroads. The Turkish Power within the last fifty years had pushed the desert back from Syria a hundred miles, making travelling a tame affair in regions which the present writer can remember as a scene of wild adventure. And we, we English, have let in the desert.

One can picture the alarm and horror of the civilised people of Damascus, when hosts of the Hejjâzi horsemen went careering madly through their narrow streets, firing innumerable rounds of ammunition in the air, destroying tram-lines, tram-cars, motors, telephones and apparatus for electric light—all the mechanical improvements which the Turks had made—by way of celebrating the inauguration of our Arab kingdom. The King of the Hejjâz himself is, in appearance, education and the mixture of his blood, a Turk rather than an Arab; but his troops are the wild Arabs of the desert. His adherence made it possible for us to conquer Syria, so we are told, and therefore he had to be rewarded. But from the point of view of the inhabitants of Syria, the reward appears a slur upon the British name. They would put up with the King of the Hejjâz, as they would put up with any other Turk, to escape a foreign occupation of their country, but not his Arab "chivalry." But it is probable that the Arab "chivalry" would not have fought at all for his Hejjâzian Majesty, to whom most of them own no real allegiance, if they had not been tempted by the promise of the spoils of Syria. That is one of the embarrassments arising from the situation.

Another is the question of the Holy Places—Mecca and Medinah. These, in Islâm, have never been regarded as belonging in fee simple to the local Arabs. They have always (so to speak) been "internationalised" under the Khalifah. Half a million Muslims on an average go to Mecca every year from all parts of Asia and Africa; many of the pilgrims being highly civilised. The idea that they should be handed over to the murderous cupidity, the inordinate extortion, for which the Arabs of Hejjâz, mere savages, have earned a name, deprived of the protection formerly afforded by the Turkish troops, is intolerable. If our rulers cannot, owing to their promises, allow the Turkish troops to return, they would do well to consider some arrangement for policing the Holy Cities and the roads to them with an international force of Muslim troops under the control of the Khalifah, acting through a general council of the Ulema. In the same way, if the King of the Hejjâz is to be King of Syria, they should take care that the latter country and any other settled country which, in pursuance of their

wondrous scheme, they must assign to him, is not incorporated with the Hejjâz, but held as a separate kingdom under certain conditions, one of which ought certainly to be that no wild Arab of Hejjâz should fill a position of authority. This is necessary for the peace and comfort of the Syrians. It is also necessary for another reason. The Muslims will not tolerate Christian interference with the government of the Holy Places, but Christian interference in the affairs of Syria is unavoidable to some extent because the Christian Powers have vested interests in Syria, which is not the case in the Hejjâz. If Syria and the Hejjâz are to be all one Kingdom, our interference in Syria will easily be misinterpreted, and, in the present state of Muslim feeling, we shall have a Jihâd—a holy war with all the bitterness of religious feeling—upon us before we know where we are. Now that the King of the Hejjâz has himself again acknowledged the Turkish Sultan as Khalifah, he cannot be an altogether independent ruler in the European sense. Nor was it ever desirable that he should be, unless England wished to undo her historic work in Asia by enforcing the reactionary and fanatic element in Islâm, the anti-European element, against the Turk who has accepted our idea of progress, and who represents the only force of law and order which the Arabs of Hejjâz have known for centuries.

## ART AT "THE INTERNATIONAL."

THE exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers is not yet sufficiently international. It is large and by no means lacking in interest; but the British exhibitor is too easily paramount. A study of the catalogue also gives the impression that there is rather a plethora of the eminent British painter's less eminent cousins and sisters and aunts. Matters, no doubt, will right themselves when Continental artists have time to think of something besides the Peace terms, and when, more particularly, the Society's executive begins to reorganize in earnest. That there is a great future in front of the "International" nobody doubts. Before the war, perhaps, it had hardly fulfilled the bright promise with which it was started under the ægis of Whistler and Rodin; but it was steadily working towards that attainment, and under the new conditions its progress should be accelerated.

The "International" enjoys many advantages. At the Grosvenor Gallery it is comfortably and restfully housed. The exhibition tends to be catholic, and its catholicity is of the right sort. At the Royal Academy the catholicity is still too much of the kind that extends its hospitality to the good and the bad of a few descriptions. The "International" includes artists of many descriptions. It embraces the more progressive members of the Academy itself; it welcomes the Pre-Raphaelite as well as the Futurist; but it appears to draw the line at the bad or the excessively commonplace. The main thing it requires of an artist is that he should have something to say in terms of the medium he uses. And that, to be sure, is a very wholesome standard to establish.

This year certain artists appear to have divided their allegiance pretty equally between the Grosvenor Gallery and Burlington House. Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, however, seems to have reserved himself exclusively for this exhibition. He contributes no less than ten pictures, oil and water-colour. First comes his expansive portrait of Lady Helen Whitaker. Frankly, we do not like the hard outlines of this figure against the blotchy black background, or the apparent lack of subtlety in the ensemble; at the same time it is possible, if Mr. McEvoy's colours do not crack or fade, that a few years will make a beneficial difference to this portrait. The same might be said of his group of three children in mediæval doublet and hose—the 'Viscount Hinchinbrooke, the Hon. Drogo Montagu, and Lady Faith Montagu'—where there is a certain stateliness, but the colour is similarly abrupt. The water-colour portraits are more of the nature of sketches and are suggestive and sympathetic in their freedom; but in the main Mr.

McEvoy, in spite of a very considerable reputation, remains an uncertainty. Possibly, he is the more interesting for that fact. Mr. Glyn Philpot, also a product of the New English Art Club, but now absorbed by the Academy, exhibits the 'Meeting of Antony and Cleopatra after the Battle of Actium.' We don't know—nobody can—whether he has painted the truth about Cleopatra's personal appearance, but, if he has, she was much less seductive than is generally supposed. A common Egyptian courtesan inadequately describes the degree of repulsiveness to which Mr. Philpot has attained in this animalistic figure. However, Antony—or Antony's bare back—is sufficiently eloquent of the desolated outcast, and the whole conception is personal and unconventionally imaginative. The painting is good, too, in its disposition of masses of fine rich colour.

The craftsmanship of Mr. A. J. Munnings is seen here at its best. His big oil picture, 'A Trooper in Full Marching Order,' reveals its employment on the grand scale, and provides an answer to critics who doubted his ability to handle a really big canvas. Horseflesh in movement has rarely been modelled so graphically; the artist's mastery of means was never better demonstrated than in the fat, solid painting of the whole. But, as in the case of Paul Potter's 'Bull,' this is chiefly a triumph of technical efficiency and objective vision, and does no more than hint at the finer qualities inherent in Mr. Munnings's art. His powers of composition and grouping are better shown in the more characteristic pictures of the hunting field and the race meeting. In these is the true *intimité* between the artist and his subject. The 'Saddling up for the Grand National' is the best of them; he excels in the painting of the crowd, the jockeys, whose colours give such deft touches of brightness to the scene, the sense of humming life beneath a shower-laden sky. But all are good; he has certainly favoured the "International" rather than the Academy this summer.

So has Mrs. Laura Knight. Her 'Maestro Cecchetti's Dancing Class' is a delicate essay in the painting of light, and far superior to anything of hers in the other exhibition. She has broken away from the robustness of her former outdoor painting; this is a picture of tender modulations. But there is fine draughtsmanship too in the pirouetting white-clad ballet girls. Mr. William Strang continues to plough his rugged furrow of ungraciousness. His three-figure composition, 'The Tire-Women,' is contemptuously neglectful of conventional amenities in human expressions; it has most of the stiffness of the archaic age, and none of its tenderness of colour. One feels a little impatient with it all, for here, as in his other work, there is earnestness and purpose behind these uncouth personalities in their crude, glaring robes. One feels the striving to solve an artistic problem. Only, one is doubtful whether it is worth solving at this price.

We looked for some minutes at Mr. D. A. Vere-Smith's 'Bluebeard in the Nursery, No. 2,' and wondered what and where was No. 1. It is not in this exhibition, anyhow; which is a pity, since it might have helped to explain No. 2. Certainly the latter needs some explanation. Doll's heads and grinning masks suspended in a row across the top of a stained green curtain, and at the base a diminutive Bluebeard with scimitar—such is the cryptic message for the ordinary. We sought earnestly for what æsthetic secret it might conceal, but in vain. We prefer the Grotesques Nos. 1 and 3, by M. Bührer, among the water-colours. No. 1 is a comical figure stretched out lengthwise; No. 3, an equally comical figure compressed. For mirthful ugliness either would be hard to beat. And they are in a corner, away from the high seriousness of much else, which is where declared grotesques ought to be. Mention of them reminds us that we have not yet said anything about the foreign painters. Of these, the Japanese are passably interesting. In 'The Scooter,' Mr. R. C. Matsuyama has purely English types translated, very capably, into purely Japanese ones, except for their costumes; and even the latter seem to be Japanese in cut. Mr. K. Kobayashi essays to show us how 'To see a Saint in the Snow,' and does it very prettily on silk, grouping his dim figures poetically and

on a sufficiently non-European recipe. The French exhibit is disappointing, and other nationals call for no remark.

There is much else that deserves more than mere mention: Mr. Louis Sargent's Post-Impressionist vision of Cornish cliffs, resplendent in red and orange and green, in 'Smuggler's Cove, Kynance,' and 'Serpentine Coast, Cornwall'; a batch of Mr. E. J. Sullivan's drawings; the powerful abstracts of military and naval types by Mr. F. C. B. Cadell; the Irish genre of Mr. Jack Yeats, the blue and gold 'Daniades' of Mr. Charles Ricketts, the Cubistic 'Black Man' by Mr. A. Wolmark, the dainty and perfectly self-contained water-colour designs by Mr. George Sheringham, and the many sculptured heads by Lady Scott. Necessarily the exhibition is not without its freakish element. But even in the freaks there is generally some worthy quality to be found, and though one may jib at sundry adaptations from the early Italian masters, imitations of Aubrey Beardsley, and other ebullitions of the would-be "violent and new and singular," they add spice to the pudding of one's content. Like spice, too, they can be taken in comparatively small doses, so far as the Grosvenor Gallery is concerned.

#### NATIONALISM IN THE ARGENTINE.

GRAVE concern is expressed in commercial circles here—and with very good reason—over the politico-social upheaval in the Argentine Republic at this time. That man of mystery, President Hipólito Irigoyen—a curt and icy Radical, with another four years of office—has long manifested anti-British (and anti-American) tendencies; he has even aspired to form a "spiritual alliance," of hostile cast, with Chili, Paraguay and Mexico as his partners.

No one needs reminding of Argentina's enormous pastoral wealth. Her metropolis has a population of over a million and a half. Extravagant shops of the Calle Florida rival those of Bond Street, or the Rue de la Paix; a leading newspaper of the capital—*La Prensa*—is housed in a palace of the Avenida de Mayo that cost £300,000. To-day a profound change is perceptible in the national spirit of Argentina. Reviewing her marvellous riches long ago, President Mitre asked: "What is the force at the back of our progress? . . . Señores, it is British capital."

But the governing classes have now a decidedly Socialist tinge, thanks to the influx of immigrants from Barcelona and revolutionary Italian centres. Propaganda of the "proletarian" type was conducted all through the war, when opinion in the Republic was passionately divided. Thus the Argentine Minister in Washington (Señor Romulo Naon) resigned his post as a protest against President Irigoyen's obstinate neutrality, even in the face of cynical outrage like that of Karl von Luxburg of *Spurlos versenkt* notoriety.

Disastrous strikes have lately paralysed British-owned industries. The hoardings of Buenos Ayres were plastered with placards denouncing the "tyranny" of our Black List; and papers like *La Union* and the *Tageblatt* attributed to our malign manœuvres the high prices of food, coal and clothing. There were serious agrarian troubles, there were furious riots, with many killed and injured. A dock-dispute in the capital crippled industry for three months, and diverted shipping to Montevideo, and even as far afield as Rio.

Then the Government and Allied representatives were at loggerheads; and this caused further stagnation in the cereal markets. Argentina, as everybody knows, is one of the granaries of the world. For three weeks, 120,000 railwaymen struck work; so did other trades and callings, from the taxi-driver to the baker. The main streets of the metropolis were littered with leaflets, denouncing British "capitalistic" intrigues. Thus it was British capital that oppressed the humble Argentine. It robbed the nation of its dividends; it subsidised the Press, and did its utmost to drive the Government into war with Germany.

How fortunate it was that citizens had at the helm of State an inflexible patriot like Hipólito Irigoyen—a six-year despot, vested with the veto power, and able to



appoint or remove his Cabinet at will, on Wilsonian lines. So the huge city of Buenos Ayres, obscurely fermenting with protest, was soon cut off from all communication with the interior, save by motor-car—and that only at the caprice of Bolshevik hordes; Government trains were derailed, and British merchants drove home from the office with revolvers on the seat beside them.

Now, it is all very well to attribute much of this trouble to German efforts. There are tens of thousands of Germans in Argentina, and German capital to the extent of £60,000,000 is invested in the country. But the prime cause of this social surge lies deeper. "The France of the Revolution," says Professor Pacifico Otero, "is the political Sinai of Argentina. The thirst for justice is evident above all, and our hatred of tyranny, privilege and social inequality."

Hence, no doubt, the new railway policy of the Executive, expressed in the Chamber of Deputies by Señor Zaccagnini in July, 1917. Increasing sections of the population are now confusedly embittered against great foreign-owned enterprises; and the tendency is for a "popular" Government to champion the cause of Labour against Capital. Professor Otero tries to analyse the tide of sentiment which impels so cosmopolitan a nation as Argentina, and he finds a new and eager flame of feeling against mere "materialistic" considerations.

We are bound to say that this new *élan* is more than awkward for us, in a land so largely sustained by British money; the Argentine has, indeed been styled our "financial colony." In normal times, our total trade with this Republic exceeded that with all the other States of Latin-America combined; the amount was nearly £50,000,000 a year. To-day British interests in the Argentine are between two fires. There are ever-increasing crises, due to the turbulent demands of cosmopolitan employés: Italian labour inclines to the *settimana Inglese* with its comfortable trend towards a "no-hour day."

Then Provincial authorities show an ominous inclination to "milk" all the prosperous foreign-owned concerns. In this connexion, we counsel British traders to compare the high-handed action of the mother-country, which is Spain. For the Hispano-American *rapprochement* is one of the most significant (and obscure) portents of a very peculiar situation.

Not long ago a British motor-felucca of the Tobacco Company was arrested near Gibraltar by a Spanish armed crew. The vessel was taken into Malaga, her cargo confiscated and her crew imprisoned in filthy latrines for thirty-two hours. At the secret inquiry, our Consul was excluded, and the protests of our Ambassador wholly disregarded. It is clear that Spain also intends to bleed foreign-owned interests, as never before.

Large increases are proposed by Members of the Cortes in the taxation of iron and pyrite mines. Other enterprises, after half a century of fair dealing, are advised that their status is being re-considered, with a view to the re-assessment of taxes, amounting in many cases to several hundred per cent. This example is being followed in Argentina, where Hispano-American ties, favoured by the Vatican and by clericals in both Continents, have grown extraordinarily close during the Great War.

There is talk of King Alfonso visiting Buenos Ayres this year. The Spanish element is now dominant; this is partly due to the departure of British, Italian and other Allied settlers and employés. Argentina's ideal is the triumph of Hispanism, with the mother-country and her ancient culture as a purely spiritual nexus, informing a new democratic alliance between daughter nations that were long ago cut adrift.

A new hostility to Brazil, as an unwieldy upstart and outsider, is a feature of this remarkable movement in Argentine nationalism. It is well to be mindful of incalculable elements, such as the astonishing flame which swept the Italian people over the Adriatic question. Signor Orlando reminds us that these human problems—"so infinitely complex," are not to be simply determined by the business rule-of-thumb.

The United States is aware of this; and her Pan-American Union in Washington, of which Mr. Lansing is chairman *ex officio*, mixes a good deal of sentiment with its "materialistic" activities. The result is an increase of trade, in four years of the war, which Director Barrett puts at no less than \$900,000,000. Argentina's commerce with her northern sister in 1913 was \$84,727,000. By 1917 the figure had leapt to \$229,354,000.

The U.S. Shipping Board is about to place twenty-two 12,000-ton freight and passenger steamers on the South American service; and each state-room will have two beds and a bath. Washington has far-reaching designs upon trade in the Empty Continent. Yet Argentina remains uneasy and resentful, with a marked bias against the Anglo-Saxon, which London commercial circles frankly admit they do not understand.

A typical case is that of the Primitiva Gas Company, which lights the city of Buenos Ayres, and has over 1,138 miles of mains. No dividends have been paid since 1914. The municipality owes this English company £143,000, and thus far a settlement has been impossible—though the chairman has gone out in the hope of putting matters right.

"The Old World," says José Pacifico Otero of Buenos Ayres, "has desired to know the trend of Latin-American sympathy and thought." . . . "And to its questions," the professor pursues, with oracular magniloquence, "we now reply: 'Re-read our history. Observe our psychology; note how our political ideals were born, and you will find the answer obvious.'" Britons with large interests in the Argentina are to-day reading and pondering these matters very deeply indeed—with grave misgiving and lively alarm over the new complexion of Latin-American affairs.

#### "PATRIOTICS."

By A PHILISTINE.

THE music-hall ditty commonly known as a Jingo song is called by the trade a "patriotic." It flourished during the late seventies and onwards right through the South African war, but then it dwindled almost to the point of extinction. Not that the world-crisis has gone absolutely unillustrated by patriotics. Mr. Bertram Wallis cut a fine figure in a Hippodrome revue, as, with appropriate scenery to back him, he extolled the flag of England. Miss Daisy Wood, when the war was yet young, stirred her audiences to a certain mild enthusiasm by advocating 'Hats off to Jellicoe!' But the old boisterous, beery spirit was wanting. No triumphantly patriotic song has found its way to the barrel-organs or has been whistled in the streets. Instead thereof, we have had domestic sentiment like 'Keep the Home Fires Burning,' jocularly like 'Here we are, Here we are, Here we are Again,' or melodies like 'Roses of Picardy,' and 'The Long, Long Trail,' which have had no reference to seventy-fives and machine-guns. The Americans got nearest to the old patriotics with 'We're not coming back till it's over, over there,' but, even so, its reign was brief. Why this silence on the part of our vocalists and our bards?

The explanation would seem chiefly to be that the war was too serious, too vital, touching every family throughout the country, and so the clever people who turn out melodies to suit the market felt instinctively that the blatant insincerity of the patriotic was out of place. It demanded the old public-house atmosphere; the waiter with his "Any orders, gents?"; the chairman with his hammer, and the audience of shop-assistants and office-boys under the delusion that, for the time being at any rate, they were the fine flower of society. Besides, even if the patriotic could be revived, there are not many performers left who could sing it with the spirit of its prime. Macdermott's comic effusions were always ponderous and frequently coarse. But, though a short man, he had a good stage presence; his voice came out like the blare of a bassoon from under the heavy moustache, and its trajectory carried it far. He was the man for the patriotics.

Mr. Harry Hibbert thinks that, if he came to life again, he would command a prodigious salary. I wonder. In 1877 and 1878, anyhow, 'We don't want to fight, but—' stirred the nation to its emotional depths. Liberals like Justin McCarthy might sneer at him a few years later as a "Tyrtæus of the taproom," but for the moment Macdermott was to be seriously reckoned with. 'We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too,' became a statement of policy. We had 'Fought the Bear Before,' and the oldsters remembered all about it. G. W. Hunt was better inspired with 'We don't want to fight,' than when, in a different vein, he wrote, 'Old Brown's Daughter' and 'Down Among the Coals.'

Macdermott had many followers, though there was only one Macdermott. When the Russian Government, failing to get Constantinople, embroiled us with Shere Ali at Cabul, Harry Rickards rose to the occasion. "There stands a post," he pointedly observed, and once more the Bear, on whom the music-halls ever kept a steadfast eye, was warned off the Afghan frontier. Harry Rickards, who subsequently migrated to Sydney and there achieved much prosperity, was Macdermott *dimidiatus*. But the never failing exponent of patriotism in the eighties was Charles Godfrey, who exuded that virtue at every pore. "Too late, too late to save him," he lamented, when Gordon fell at Khartoum; there were other threnodies. And Charles Godfrey not only touched upon current crises without precisely adorning them, but also laid the past under copious contribution. One remembers his 'Nelson,' his 'Chelsea Pensioner,' and his 'Armada.' It must be confessed that as a patriot he was a trifle tedious, and vastly to be preferred in such rollicking songs as 'Hi-tiddli-hi-ti' and 'Regent Street.' Mr. George Lashwood has carried on the tradition to better purpose in songs such as 'In the Smoke.'

Patriotics were usually devoted to foreign politics, but not always. One remembers a Drury Lane pantomime of the early eighties, in which Miss Vesta Tilley was moved to ask, "When shall Old England be herself once more?"

"When to Westminster is sent  
A Tory Government,"

was the reply she promptly supplied. But resonant declamation was hardly suited to her sprightly manner. She has been her true self in 'The Piccadilly Johnny,' 'I Fairly Knocked the Yankees in Chicago,' and the other numbers of a joyful series culminating in

'I joined the Army yesterday;  
So the Army of to-day's all right.'

Besides the iniquities of Mr. Gladstone were more effectively attacked in the topical duet than in the mock-heroics of the patriotic. His axe and his collars lent themselves to repartee. They were seldom spared, and to the late Lord Abergavenny, an active politician behind the scenes, was due the idea of a paper to circulate in the music-halls for the propagation of Conservative principles. The project somehow never came to much. It would have been ingenious propaganda, since the pantomimes and music-halls have always been staunchly Tory, perplexed though they were by the advent of Tariff Reform. "Don't tax the poor man's food, Mr. Chamberlain," pleaded Miss Queenie Leighton, at the Tivoli. The *Daily Mail* was then denouncing what it elegantly termed the stomach-tax, and had not executed its flippant *volte-face*.

The South African war produced a terrific outburst of patriotics. 'The Boys of the Old Brigade' was somewhat earlier, but it experienced an inevitable revival, and, when rendered by a full-throated baritone, nearly took the roof off. Mr. Pat Raftery burst upon the variety stage. His was 'The Dublin Fusiliers,' who marched to death or glory. His too was the challenge:—

"What do you think of the Irish now, what do you think of the bhoys?"  
with its vigorous conclusion:—

"They used to call us traitors, and dirty agitators,  
But they can't call us traitors now."  
Well, we have had Casement and the Dublin rebellion

since then, but no matter. The supreme patriotic of the moment, however, was Mr. Leo Stormont's:—

"Then take the muzzle off the lion,  
And let him have a go.  
Shall Boer or Britain rule the land?  
That's what we want to know."

The mixture of rhetoric and slang was so fine. Lord Salisbury might declare that we sought no gold fields, we sought no territory, but no, the lion was to have his "go." And, after all, it about expressed the philosophy of the situation, as it appeared to the ordinary citizen. Mr. Leo Stormont, although his method was more deliberate than Macdermott's, almost took one back to the "Pav." as it used to be. He was the Correggio; his was the Indian summer of the patriotic. And now we have left the patriotic behind us. Perhaps it is just as well.

## LESBIA MAUDITE

(CATULLUS, VIII.).

Bright shone the skies of old, bright was her smile:  
How could a thing so slight reason beguile?

Grief is my bride to-day. Folly, farewell!  
Passion to pain is shrunk, heaven to hell.  
Grief is my bride to-day. Fond heart, be brave:  
None can raise up the dead love from the grave.  
Once where she would I went: sweeter seemed she  
Than ever maid to man was or will be;  
My will was her will then; all her employ  
Still to devise for me joy upon joy.  
Now is yea turned to nay? Well, be it so!  
Shrinks she? Pursue her not. Fool, let her go.

Hard as the Alpine rock, firm as the sky  
Now is this heart of mine. . . . Woman, good-bye!  
Thine shall the longing be, mine the disdain,  
Ne'er to deaf ears will I sue or complain.  
Now the last sigh is sighed, the last word said,  
Lonely will seem thy bower, bitter thy bread.  
No man to speak thee fair, none to admire,  
No man to share thy heart, none to inspire,  
None on whose lips to feast, none to caress.  
Yet arm I still my soul with steadfastness!

Bright shone the skies of yore, bright was her smile:  
How could a thing so slight reason beguile?

D. A. S.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### SCRAPPING THE SQUIRES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—When in West Suffolk the other day, I was asked by a local auctioneer whether I was willing to sell my property there, my questioner informing me, as some justification for his suggestion, that "everybody is doing it."

Well, partly owing to natural obstinacy and partly to a life-long study of history and human nature, I am not going to chuck my acres and seek safety in flight, being satisfied that, when landed property is imperilled, no other form of property is safe. The nationalisation of the land means the nationalisation in time, and in no long time either, of everything below it and above it—of mines and minerals, of railways and factories, of houses and shops. I know, of course, all the arguments the other way and how people will tell you—looking as clever as monkeys—that your land is obvious and open to universal observation, while the scrip representing railway shares or mine shares or factory shares can be put away in a safe and locked up. This sort of "argument" shows what asses property-owners sometimes are, for a moment's consideration would show that, although scrip and stock certificates may be hidden away, the things which they represent—whether mines, or mills, or railways—are almost as obvious to the public gaze and provocative of public covetousness as is agricultural land. Certainly, if I ever sell, the last thing I should be disposed to do would be to help to endow London auctioneers and



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estate agents with vast fortunes by putting myself in their hands and becoming the creature of their natural desire to realise a commission as soon as possible, even if some land-jobber makes a few thousands by a re-sale directly afterwards. Few landlords seem to understand the real value of their land, while it is the direct interest of the auctioneer to "sell, sell, sell" at any price which the owner—generally ignorant and sometimes panic-stricken—is inclined to take.

The constant sale and break-up of estates means not only an agricultural and a social, but also an æsthetic revolution, for it is the existence of large estates with their picturesque adjuncts which has hitherto made England the most beautiful country in the world. Everywhere the woodlands and the hedgerow trees are falling before the axe, and when this process is completed, the Radical shopkeeper living in the country will be surprised to find that the "land monopolists" have been responsible, not only for the supply of well-equipped and low-rented farms and for the provision of cottages on a 1 per cent. basis, but for nearly all the amenities of country life. In Australia, I am told, nobody lives in the country, if he can help doing so, because it is so dull and ugly.

Speaking of rents, if landlords had raised them 15 per cent.—or even 20 per cent. in some cases—as they might perfectly well have done three or four years ago, the sale of many an estate might have been prevented. Tenants—I speak from experience—quite recognised that the increase in prices of corn and meat, coupled with higher tithe and much greater cost of upkeep justified a reasonable increase in rents, and I believe that throughout England a 15 per cent. increase, in some cases more, in some less, would have been accepted, with only occasional demur, as infinitely preferable to a change of ownership.

What are folks going to do and where are they going to live, when they have sold out? London today is the most hideous place in the world as a habitation for a family with traditions, since everywhere in London you meet with dirt, discomfort, insolence and extortion. The best thing, probably, would be for the squires to drop their traditions and take to driving taxis. Unfortunately, many of them are quite unsuited for such a rôle, and life for them in London would consist in paying the highest prices for the necessities and smaller luxuries of existence without any compensating occupation.

On one point let us be quite clear—especially if we happen to be ladies—"when land is gone and money spent" then the British public will not stand for long the humbug of titles. Hereditary titles in this country depend for their meaning, justification, and value upon territoriality, and when land is sold and its late noble owner begins to occupy a cockloft in the purlieu of Pimlico, the sooner he converts his coronet into a flower-vase and becomes plain "Mister" himself, the better will it be for his own dignity and comfort. Remember in this connection, that in a democratic age when all men and women are equal and when even monarchy itself is placed on a rough-and-tumble Bank-holiday footing, there is no point in Courts and Levees, and the courtier will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

To one like myself who does not share their traditions nor—together—their super-heated patriotism, the extinction of the hereditary landowners, who have suffered, without a murmur, more than any other class by the war, seems unspeakably pathetic. To have given sons and fortunes to the service of the State and then to be held up to hatred and opprobrium—this is surely the height of irony. Add to this the increased Death Duties which are clearly meant to put a finishing touch to the destruction of aristocracy and the ruin of landowners and we have a fine picture of Mr. Lloyd George's gratitude to the class which suffered so cruelly during four years of hideous warfare and which, forgetting old sores and old slanders, did so much to secure his return to power at the General Election.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

Scarcroft, near Leeds,  
May 12th, 1919.

## THE "SANCTA SOPHIA" MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The three letters in your number of May 17th are most interesting. I am inclined to agree with Mr. C. F. Ryder: whether or not it would be expedient, in any case, to override the 460 years' Muslim right of possession of the Hagia Sophia basilica, it would at least be wise to wait, before doing so, until Christendom were reunited and the edifice could be given really and honestly "to Christendom," and not to a section thereof.

Your other two correspondents are less clear. "Orthodox," for example, accuses me of *petitio principii* because I spoke of the "schismatic" Greek Patriarch; yet he himself speaks of a "sacrilegious" Papal excommunication. I will drop using the first term, if he will drop the second. Yet I do not see how the accusation of the Papacy's being "schismatic" can be defended. Not that such a contention is new to me. It is a commonplace of extreme Protestant controversy; yet is untenable. Only one argument could make any ecclesiastical authority logical in calling those who secede from its jurisdiction "schismatics." That argument is that the authority in question is divinely established as the source of jurisdiction. The Papacy makes this claim. The Greek Patriarch does not, as is proved by the fact that he recognizes (as "Orthodox") numerous Eastern Churches which govern themselves apart from him. *Ergo*, he cannot logically (nor can any other non-Roman Church) apply the term "schismatic" to those who part from him. Rome, however, can logically use the term. Whether, besides doing so "logically," she does so "justifiably," is another question. As to the wide question of the division between East and West, I do not see how anyone reading the history of Photios, can avoid the conclusion that a great responsibility for the evils lies on the personal ambition of that man. "Orthodox," also, is wrong in saying the Uniates have no continuity with the ancient Eastern Church. In most cases they simply returned to a unity they had been severed from previously.

As to Mr. T. P. Armstrong, his letter is peculiar. My argument was both plain and logical. Here is a *précis* of it: The Mahometans have a long *de facto*, though not *de jure*, right to the Hagia Sophia; the arguments for taking the building from them also apply to taking the ancient English churches from the Anglicans and giving them back to the Catholics; if you advocate the former, you should advocate the latter too; and in any case the "St. Sophia" movement is not on strong enough logical grounds to deserve to succeed, if it is proposed to give the basilica only to "a section" of Christendom. It will be seen that, far from boggling at the suggestion in regard to "England," I myself first mentioned it!

Yours obediently,

J. W. POYNTER.

N.B.—Your correspondents need not fear that the "Uniates" could not find funds or congregation to maintain St. Sophia. The Uniates have the whole Roman Communion behind them. But Mr. Ryder's idea is best.

## MOSQUES AND FACES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The sufficient excuse for alluding to that corpse in Europe's cupboard, Turkey, is that its final disposal is anything but settled even at this advanced hour, and that each day supplants its predecessor with some more disquieting theory. The sanitary enthusiasm of the Paris peace principals is for the moment sleeping, and diplomats are heard suggesting that, after all, the old palliative—a kerchief to our face, and that face turned resolutely westward—will serve for a mere century or two longer. In this, needless to say, the oppressed peoples have not been consulted.

The toad beneath the harrow knows  
Exactly where each toothpoint goes:  
The butterfly upon the road  
Preaches contentment to that toad.

The two Premiers and the President appear to take the view that the Sultan has no right in Constantinople as a political ruler with the powers of life and death in his agents' hands, but that there is no reason why—out of regard for our own Moslems—he should not be allowed a palace, a mosque, and status as a spiritual leader—if Islam at large will hear of this last, a thing far from proved at present.

Contrast with this humane and heroic measure the reported attitude of the French and British Foreign Offices and of Lord Curzon; it is that the Sultan should retain his present powers little impaired, or tempered only by local supervisions exercised by Allied Commissioners. These are presumably to be left to cope with the enormous forces of passive resistance, obscurantism and corruption of minor Turk officialdom, through years when the present limelight is shut off and when Near Eastern affairs are again occluded from western opinion. Does the world breed men with hides thick enough for the job?

The makeshift arrangement evokes the pride, the gratitude, the hope of no nation called to a share in it. Which being so, it will fail.

The old exaggerated fears of Moslem opinions are getting up a nasty ground swell, and are bad counsellors.

What (if it be not too utterly absurd to mention it) of Christian opinion? Militarily, numerically, culturally it counts for more. The Christian peoples await complete liberation, have been promised it, and must get it. What are we to do if they rise against the Ottoman officials?

Perform still another contortion? Let us, rather, do justice *now*.

I am, Sir, etc.,

Manchester.

W. J. BLYTON.

#### THE PERSIAN CLAIMS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The territorial claims put forward by the Persian Government are being treated with ridicule at the Peace Conference and in the English Press. This is unfortunate, as it can hardly fail to add considerably to the bitter feeling against England in the minds of Asiatics which has already been aroused by our crusade against the Turks. We had one chance left to us of pleasing Asia. There was Persia, a country to which England had long stood in the relation of a friendly mentor, restrained from active beneficence only by the fear of Russia. The fear of Russia gone, we were now able to justify the hopes we had inspired in Persia. We have few friends in Europe. Only in Asia have we ever been beloved. Even at this moment there is more affection for the name of England in Turkey and Persia than in France and Italy. By our policy towards Turkey for the last ten years we have estranged a large proportion of our Muslim subjects and loosened the foundations of the British Empire in the East. It was simple policy, one would have thought, at such a juncture to make a fuss of Persia, the Power which, after Turkey, has most sympathy in the Islamic world. The scorn with which the Persian claims are being treated is taken as a final proof that Orientals, because they are Orientals, can expect no justice from us. For on one hand we condemn the Turks for being warlike and taking their own line against the will of Europe, and on the other, we will not hand back to Persia the provinces which Russia wrested from her in the nineteenth century, because the Persians "lack capacity, arms and resource"—in other words are weak and docile, and ready to be guided by advice from us. So are the Turks for that matter. In 1913 they wished that England should assume a virtual protectorate of the whole Ottoman Empire for a term of years. But they had "capacity, arms and resource"; they were not so docile as the Persians, whose Government will need advice and help for years to come, and as that advice and help will come presumably from England and America, I cannot see what danger there can be in restoring to Persia the territory which was torn from her unjustly and much against the will of the inhabitants. The ill effect of our contemptuous treatment of

the claims upon the mind of Orientals is increased by the historic fact that a good part of the territory in question was lost as the result of a war to which England had incited Persia; and also by the fact that the greater part of the said claims has been allowed already by the Russian people's Government. We can do what we like in Asia at the present moment. If we take up the policy of Russia where the last Czar left it, which seems to be the present tendency, we shall take up the Czar's heritage of hate in Asia, where we once were loved. It would be easy for us to regain the popularity which we were fools enough to throw away for love of Russia by strong support of Turkey and of Persia at the present time. We have only to give real help and friendship to those Muslim States instead of uniting with our European rivals to destroy them or impede their progress, and the Near East could be made a paradise, to the great contentment of the Muslims in the British realm. The Russian policy has made of it a hell on earth, and, if pursued, will bring no end of future wars.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

The Pond House,  
Blackboys, Sussex.

#### SERBIAN RELIEF FUNDS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I should be very much obliged to you if you would be so kind as to publish in your esteemed journal the enclosed official denial.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

DR. D. S. KOVITCH,

Chargé d'Affaires.

Légation du Royaume des Serbes Croates et Slovènes.  
19th May, 1919.

The Royal Legation of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, denies most categorically the statement published in THE SATURDAY REVIEW on the 3rd May, to the effect that "a good deal of the money subscribed for the relief of Serbian refugees has stuck to somebody's fingers," as it is based on a speech of Mr. Bratchinats which was never delivered.

#### WOMEN AT THE BAR.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—On March 29th last you referred to the want of precise information about lady lawyers in the United States. A literary friend, who, owing to an official position (to which I must not further refer) knows as much about this subject as any man in that country, writes to me (on April 4th):—

"They are more numerous in other more 'advanced' States [than his own] . . . I have run over one lawyers' directory—I don't know the total number; say, 2,500; there are six women: one is — and I hear quite capable in that position; one is —, a nice girl, but not very brilliant as a lawyer; . . . the fifth has been practising for a number of years, and has the reputation of being tricky; . . . one — seems rather dumb [!!!]. I send a clipping from the paper about her from which you would imagine her a great lawyer." [Said clipping contains my correspondent's comments on that view.]

"There have been a good many admitted here during the last 35 years or so, when the Courts decided to admit them. The first woman lawyer, —, was, I thought, rather tricky. Others are admitted, practice awhile, and drop out. The fact is women are not adapted to the practice of the law, either mentally or temperamentally. The trouble is just the same, whenever they attempt to do a man's work. They are constitutionally different. Just as physiologically they are assimilative and reproductive and lack initiative and creative power—so in law. A woman can, of course, read a law book or a statute and learn it as well as a man, but they can't use their knowledge with any originality or creative force. The only law work they can do is office work under direction of a man. . . . Years ago they clamoured for admission on an equal basis with men. All they wanted was a chance to show their ability. Well, they got it. A generation has passed;



say, 35 years. Not one woman in 'Megalopolis' has ever achieved anything like prominence at the Bar—and they never will.

"As to the actual practice of the law—in contentious litigation they are totally inadequate. Their feminine temperament and disposition—all the fine womanly qualities are unsuited to it. I have heard of some in other jurisdictions who are said to be good Court lawyers, but I never saw them. There may be such—as rare exceptions to others of their sex—but I believe it will be found that those who are successful will to the same extent lose their femininity. The fact is that women do not like and are not adapted to abstract reasoning. They can't do it, and there is no use trying. While they were long prevented from becoming lawyers—there never was any reason why a woman who had talent and taste for the law could not write a law book, or become a technical lawyer; but they don't. Shall we except Novelle, daughter of Joannes Andrea, who was said to have lectured in her father's stead in the law school at Bologna? But that was nearly six centuries ago, and the sex has not done much since. . . . I don't think the London Bar need fear the invasion. They will make a lot of noise, but won't take much business from you: probably will cause a lot of fresh cases for you."

Of another advertising article (enclosed) about a young lady lawyer—"an interview"—the same observer remarks: "Making every allowance for reporter's exuberance, you see how the sex idea always obtrudes in everything women do. They want all the 'rights' of men, and yet with equal 'rights' expect the additional courtesies and polite attentions and deference that we always show to the sex."

I am, sir, yours,

A BARRISTER.

The Temple.

### THE MOTOR CYCLE FIEND.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am very glad to find in your number for May 17th, a trenchant comment on the dangers of the motor cycle as propelled at furious speed by thoughtless young men. A cycle of this sort is *malum quo non aliud velocius ullum*, in Virgil's words. *Vires acquirit eundo*, too—30 miles an hour in a minute or two. I can testify to many horrible accidents and hairbreadth escapes. These pests, who leave the quick and the dead behind them, ought to be severely restricted by the application of law. Their number has been increased by reckless airmen, who frequently drive as if the road was as free and open as the air.

Once I went to the Lakes for peace and quietness, and I found it impossible to use the roads, because a motor cycle competition was on hand. For two days the fiends dashed down one of the longest and steepest passes in England, and everyone expected several coroners' inquests. This kind of irruption ought not to be allowed in regions which have been largely preserved by public effort for the enjoyment of beauty and rational leisure. The Lakes should not belong to scorchers, and I hope the project for a road over the Sty Head pass is securely damned. As it would probably be washed away as soon as it was made, it has a fashionable appeal to the many nowadays who like to waste money.

But commerce in these days rules the world; civilisation is disappearing; rushing and pushing are becoming a universal ideal. The business of the arrivist is to arrive; and, when he does that, he has the glory of the picture papers: he belongs to the photocacy. Otherwise he might languish unkodaked, disappointed, unannounced, and the world would know nothing of his wife, dog, mascot, taste in dress, and idiotic smile.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. J.

### THE DOGS' BILL.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The polemics of Mr. Coleridge and Dr. Hadwen in your issue of 3rd May have more the appearance of a whip to their subscribers than a sound case against their opponents. If it be so, perhaps they

knew their time was short, on account of their having an inkling as to the intentions of the Home Secretary. May I ask the following questions through your columns?

(1) Are Mr. Coleridge's 1,220 included in Dr. Hadwen's 3,000 cases of death from hydrophobia after the sufferers had received Pasteur's treatment? We have always thought "my society" was a polite name for Mr. Stephen Coleridge himself alone. How then do these officials not possess the same statistics?

(2) Are the particulars of these 3,000 deaths from hydrophobia published in an accessible form?

(3) Have these 3,000 deaths from the worst known human disease occurred in Great Britain alone, or Europe, Asia, Africa and America?

(4) When did they occur?

(5) Why did not Mr. Coleridge exercise a self-denying ordinance and, at the outbreak of this epidemic of rabies, make known far and wide the frightful story of his 1,220 or 3,000 deaths from hydrophobia, and even at the cost of suffering to his "little dogs," add his influence to those who have been trying to cope with rabies by muzzling of dogs?

(6) Is the allegation, so reassuring from a man of science like Dr. Hadwen, as to the "foolish scare-mongering over rabies, which has not claimed a solitary victim, nor, indeed, has been proved by any scientific evidence to exist in this country," a clever bit of Christian Science, or is it a tacit admission as to his private belief in the preventive treatment of Pasteur, seeing that he is well aware that almost every case of bites from rabid dogs in their country will receive Pasteur's treatment.

Yours faithfully,

ROSA DARTLE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The threatened action of the Government as to this Bill may well arouse anxiety in the public mind. The decision of the House of Commons to exempt dogs from vivisection was not hasty or ill-considered; passed in 1914 and only shelved by tactical manoeuvring in Committee, again passed in this present Session and carried through Committee, the Bill is attacked outside by the defeated vivisectionists, in the hope that it may be arbitrarily destroyed by a Government ready to yield to pressure which may create panic also outside. This is a dangerous precedent and an ignominious one for the dignity of Parliament. But the matter lies deeper far. It is claimed in argument against the protection of the dog, that by his intelligence and close association with man, he is a more ready and available subject for experiment than are other animals. Surely these characteristics form the strongest plea for removing their possessor from legalised torture. The evidence from the Blue Book of the Royal Commission and from the pathological journals proves the intense and prolonged suffering in too many cases inflicted, and gives him a claim that it were dishonour to deny. Leaving aside the fact that the solidarity of a great profession has not hindered a considerable accession of support to the cause of mercy from the ranks of the profession itself, or the belief of such supporters that it is of little value to science to utilize for the investigation an organism so differing from the organism of man—the appeal rests on the admitted qualities of high sensibility, intelligence, loyalty, sacrifice, and love, which we regard as the perfection of human character and which have been developed in the dog by his half-million years of comradeship with man.

Besides the physical order we human beings belong to another, and "a more pure and nobler part" of creation. There are countless persons who refuse to accept so blankly material, and entirely selfish a view of the relation between man and the "friend of man," and can only scout any pretence of affection for dogs which can co-exist with willingness to relegate them to unmerited sufferings and destruction.

Will you, sir, who have earned the gratitude of all dog-lovers by your taking the thoughtful and ethical aspect of this question into consideration, permit these few words to be submitted in its support?

VIGIL.

## REVIEWS

## THE WAR AND THE JOURNALIST.

On Finding England. By Harold Lake. Melrose. 6s. net.

The New Elizabethans. By E. B. Osborn. John Lane. 16s. net.

IT is useless to protest that we are tired of books about the War. Our fate in this matter is sealed for the duration of peace. Those who took a part in the War will continue to explain how, and those who failed will continue to explain why. Within our lifetime there will be no end of these books, and we must be content if, to borrow the witty phrase of Robby Ross, we can just keep our heads under water.

Moreover, when we have protested to the full, we must still be conscious that it is both desirable and necessary to explore the meaning, and the revelations of the upheaval almost to the last oath of the last private soldier in Cologne. Because this war not only displayed Englishmen to the world, but the world to Englishmen, and humanity to both. It did for the common man what intellect through all time does for the uncommon one—it showed him that nothing—least of all, life—need be taken for granted, and that everything must be judged on its merits. It is just this stir in the docile mind that is of absorbing interest, in the one point of view vastly hopeful, or in the other, tragic, according as the common man maintains and acts upon the gleam or, as is more probable, lives and forgets it.

It is because in a sense he speaks for and as the common man that Mr. Lake's book is more interesting than that of Mr. Osborn. Mr. Lake, along with the vast majority of his countrymen, accepted before the war the press-made view of life, and this was odd, because we believe Mr. Lake to have been a journalist. We find in his book the rustle of old controversies—Tariff Reform, Little Englanders, Joseph Chamberlain—all are mentioned with that profound unreality which comes of education by leading article and Gladstone on Tariff Reform Leagues. Mr. Lake, like so many others, could not see England for the English, and the English he saw were an Americanized caricature of a tribe which never existed. Then came war, and with her old beautiful certainty England revealed herself.

But even England at war cannot by revelation effect alchemy. Mr. Lake went into the war a journalist at second-hand; he emerges in flashes as one at first-hand. We do not anywhere discover his personality, but we do discover that a journalist may actually see things with his eyes, even if his calling has made it difficult for him to express himself otherwise than with the rumble of the editorial "we."

Mr. Lake found England. He found her, because death threatened him with her loss; he found her in an Egyptian garden, and he found her in the dissolution of the Imperial myth. He has tried to tell the world how this thing happened, and tried to tell it from the common man's point of view. He thinks of green lanes and mists, and that is as it should be. He doesn't, however, quite enough think of music-halls and Tottenham Hotspurs and, say, Blackpool in Whit-week. He presents us with an etherealized soldier, and we hoped all the time for a socialized one. Still he and his soldier between them find England in Chapter I, only to lose her in Chapter II. Chapter I. is first-hand journalism, first-hand because it does question a number of things that both journals and their owners took for granted. Chapter II is second-hand because Mr. Lake is slipping back into the old rut, accepting the general view without exploring it. He has articles on 'Those who stayed at home,' 'Detestable Cities' and 'Wounding and Forgiveness.' These are in a sense natural chapters. He is very angry with those who did not share the soldiers' risks, angry with those who did not show their gratitude, and angry with profiteers. Yet if he had learned anything at first-hand from the war, surely he should have learned that men cannot be judged by newspaper accounts of them, or by their momentary ill-temper. No doubt there were cowards and profiteers,

but no doubt also many of those cowards were the same stuff as his fighters, and of his profiteers were there not counterparts at a hundred base-camps? And the "Conchies," of whom he speaks with conventional hatred, wasn't it worth while looking at them at first-hand, and finding whether some of them didn't endure agonies as searching as the terrors of war? For if we are to believe that the soldier is coming back with his mind made up for him, as Mr. Lake's is in Chapter II., by *The Daily Mail*, why, Chapter I. had better been left unwritten. To find England only to lose her in Carmelite House is a poor thing. And if Mr. Lake, who has the gift of limited introspection, has so short a spell of freedom from prejudice, what can we hope for the ordinary man? We can hope at least that Mr. Lake failed to understand him.

We turn from this failure to understand the man in the street to Mr. Osborn's even more convincing failure to present the man in the moon, who should have been the man in the stars. For these boys who should have the clear-cut, half-resentful quality of heaven's diamonds are somehow invested with a sort of undetectable moonshine. We are not quite sure what is wrong with the book. Mr. Osborn writes not ungracefully, though a trifle too easily. There can be no doubt, either, that his admiration, even in places his love, is sincere, and there can be no doubt whatever that the world wishes to hear more of these young men than death gave them time to tell of themselves. And yet coming to the book for the sake of its subject determined to admire, we put it by with a sense of *malaise* and wonder if this uniform adulation could possibly represent facts, and whether it wouldn't dreadfully have bothered Charles Lister, for instance, to be presented alongside Basil Hallam as one portrait in a sort of family picture gallery, in which under each picture, regardless of the features of the subject, appears the label "Sir Philip Sidney."

This generic label is probably the cause of Mr. Osborn's failure. He conceived, as anyone who approached so noble a theme must conceive, that the case was one for heroic treatment. Mr. Osborn, in search of the precise note, borrowed from Sir Rennell Rodd the suggestion of the New Elizabethans. Sir Rennell found in Charles Lister the memory of the "large horizoned Elizabethan days." Mr. Osborn fastens on to this casual phrase and freezes a gesture into a plaster reproduction. He is bound, having adopted his title, to fit all his subjects into a decorative panel where with ruff, rapier and gallant impudence, bright boy follows boy. But there are two questions left unanswered by this method, the first being whether Elizabethans were really such story-book sprites as sentimentalists would have them, and the second whether a second-hand reproduction of a third-hand Elizabethan really fetches its price in the market of biography.

The answer must surely be that the Elizabethans had odd pestilential humours as well as a habit of gay ruffling. Mercutio, who is at least as real as Sir Philip Sidney, was by no means a model young man, but none more impudently and more truly to type affronted death. If the Elizabethans weren't saints, either our young men aren't like the Elizabethans, or if they are like—no inference is needed. Isn't it the truth that each of these young men deserves his own atmosphere, his own special study? In the manner of their death they were beautifully alike, but in their lives and in their reasons for dying even more beautifully dissimilar. It is simply confusing art and truth to wrap them in a monotone, however highly gilded.

In fact, we think that Mr. Osborn has attempted the impossible. He suggests that he was in the intimacy of most of his subjects, but, even so, we doubt whether he knew any single one profoundly enough to overcome his predisposition to let himself be misled by the Elizabethan simile. In every case, just as we are hoping to see a real boy step out of the frame, we hear the foot of the showman, and the boy slips back into a disfiguring ruff. It is thus difficult not to feel that Mr. Osborn has let a slight idea involve him in rather a long book, which—in spite of the intrinsic freshness



and variety of his people—tends, we are bound to confess, to be not only solemn, but dull. We would not have had the book unwritten. We could only have wished that it had been differently written. We could have wished that each life had been done not by a friendly outsider, but each one of the portraits by another. They would not have been shy of each other's failings, they would have searched for the human rather than the picture book qualities, and they would have hammered out a real person whose reality would have been more captivating and more of a call to youth that comes after than these idealizations which run so near the sentimental. It is, we think, the fault of the journalist, though we mean no offence in the use of the term. There is the fatal tendency to "write up," when all that these boys required for immortality was to be written down.

#### FRATERNITY UEBER ALLES.

Self and Neighbour. By E. W. Hirst. Macmillan. 10s. net.

A DISTINGUISHED philosopher has spoken of "the English tendency, often noted, to recognise the actual conditions of life and the problem of competition"—a tendency which is illustrated pre-eminently in Darwin's great discoveries, but can be traced in a hundred strong and original instances, from Mandeville's 'Fable of the Bees' and Malthus's work on population to Mr. H. G. Wells's happy adventure among the metaphysicians (we refer to his paper on 'The Rediscovery of the Unique,' now reprinted at the end of his 'Modern Utopia'). The same habit of mind, profoundly sceptical of ideal theories, underlay our ancestors' conviction that "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the catchwords of the French Revolution, "wouldn't do"; and it will save us yet, we may hope, from such tragic experiments, at once brutal and sentimental, as the Russian Commune. Unseaworthy pretensions will never sail the ship. For men's nature is competitive (and women's nature not less, as it is, perhaps, now especially important to recognise); this quality is in our blood, and "you will hardly extirp it quite, until eating and drinking be put down." To admit that competition is one of the actual conditions of life is to beg no question about its value; it may be good, bad, or indifferent, but it is always an element to be reckoned with; and the ethical theorist who ignores it, or eliminates it from his view of life, simply shirks his job and turns his back not only upon present actuality, but upon any reasonable hope for the future.

Mr. Hirst, however, notices the traditional English method only to reject it in favour of what Schopenhauer called "the Hegelian emotion," which he then develops to his heart's content. He sets out to show that the principle of Fraternity (as formulated in the "Eleventh Commandment") is the be-all and end-all of existence. Nothing else, he thinks, has intrinsic worth (pp. 162 and 255); and the world was created (p. 212) simply to be a manifestation or enlargement of this principle (p. 250), by a Deity, who, being triune (p. 254), is the supreme example of a community of persons. This conclusion is reached by way of a criticism of other ethical systems and attempts, and by a metaphysical discussion, of which we shall say nothing here, except that, after a consideration of the rival difficulties of Pluralism and Monism, the author solves the problem of "the One and the Many" (to explain exactly how he does it might be unfair to the circulation of the book; but a new word, "Super-organic," comes in—*ben trovato*—at the turn of the argument), and proceeds at once to make the best of both worlds. We must, however, offer one or two criticisms of the ethical part of his argument. In the first place, Mr. Hirst contends that the pursuit of science, or of art, or of any "private good," cannot make a satisfactory content for the individual life. But reasonings of this sort always appear to prove nothing, or to prove too much; either the value of science and of art, etc., is really left unassailed, or in their fall morality is involved also. For, as a matter of fact, we do attribute value to other

things in life besides moral actions, and an argument that would deny "unconditional" or intrinsic worth to any one set of valuations, must, if successful, be applied to all valuations of the actual. And secondly, even if we agree that the human struggle for life may possibly be moralised (though by this we do not mean what Mr. Hirst means), there will still be wanting an answer to the question how the competition in the whole complex of living things is to be understood in accordance with a moral principle; and yet this seems a point that should be the very beginning of moral theory. Mr. Hirst appears, indeed, to recognise the existence of this problem, but his attempts to deal with it do not so much illuminate as make darkness visible. He finds "a mercy in the arrangement by which the numbers of certain appallingly prolific fishes and animals are thinned by stronger or more cunning neighbours, who use them as food"; and in "this sacrifice of a lower order of life to the good of a higher," he discerns "a faint adumbration of a principle of service" (p. 228)—*Tu es mon frère, parce que je te tue!* Mr. Hirst must excuse us; it takes a professed moralist to appreciate these adumbrations.

No; we cannot agree that the Principle of Fraternity explains the world, nor even that it offers a solution of our present discontents. It conflicts with too much that seems to belong to the central character of life, and fails to include much else that we value and would not part with if we could. If and as long as civilisation holds firm, human competitiveness will be limited by the application of principles (not necessarily the same always, everywhere, or by everyone), which honest men will respect; and in time, perhaps, this process of moralisation may go very far to modify the bitterness of failure, without destroying the attractions of success. But Mr. Hirst's purely Fraternal Society, like the monstrous "Economic Man" of another school, seems to us to be an abstraction, an hypothesised motive, which can have no local habitation in the actual world.

#### BRIGHTER CHEMISTRY.

Everyman's Chemistry: The Chemist's point of view and his recent work told for the Layman. By Ellwood Hendrick. University of London Press. 8s. 6d. net.

EVERY science is interesting in its early stages, when the facts, though few, are striking and simple. Then any reasonably educated person is but a step or two behind the philosopher, and all can talk science, just as all can play family cricket. Every science, too, as it advances, enthral those who devote their lives to its study; but it becomes a thing of formulae, of jargon, and of abstruse theory; the simplest fact has been wrapped in mystery; the simplest experiment must be guarded and controlled with infinite precautions. Now it is above the heads of all but its practitioners; the public has no part in it; the game is in the hands of the professionals. This development is inevitable, yet deplorable. Specialisation tends to more rapid progress, but lays a check on that progress by withdrawing the sympathies of those who might have aided research with money and opportunity. The man of science is now so far ahead that he has lost touch with the rest of the nation. He knows what should be done in industry or in war, but he can only rage at the ignorant meanness of employers or the suicidal folly of governments.

How serious this state of things may be the War has taught us. For the moment we are ready to accept all sorts of claims on behalf of science, but such an attitude will not last unless the scientific workers take trouble to maintain it. This will not be effected by an extension of the elementary educational curriculum: few of those who have to make their living in other directions will ever digest the prescribed science. What the man of science has to do is to arouse in his fellow men an intelligent interest, to give some general idea of what he is after. This is one of the aims of the movement for popularising museums. Those institutions do not exist in order to enlighten the public; but they must enlighten the public, or they will cease to exist. Men

do not spend laborious days and nights in research for the sake of penning light articles and bright books, but if they don't bring such wares to the market-place, they will find their more serious efforts ignored in the council-chamber.

Such is the situation that Mr. Ellwood Hendrick has recognised and tried to cope with so far as chemistry is concerned. It is interesting to see his method. He button-holes his reader, slaps him on the back, and chats away in a hearty colloquial style. Imaginary conversations and anecdotes keep the reader awake, if he threatens to go to sleep, and for the sake of variety even doggerel is not disdained. Such aids to attention are more numerous in the earlier chapters, which deal with chemical theory and nomenclature. When Mr. Hendrick gets to his concrete facts he has no difficulty in showing their relation to industry, agriculture, and domestic economy. The man or woman who can't feel some interest in the subject can have few interests in this world. Here you may learn how to clean silver electrically in the pantry, that white margarine is really better than yellow and (in the United States) much cheaper, that one soap is, broadly speaking, as good as another, why vermilion should not be mixed with white lead, what makes "stainless steel," how sole leather could last three times as long, if it paid the bootmakers, why carbon is deposited in the cylinders of your motor-car, and hundreds of other things that touch life closely at one point or another. Of course, there is a good deal in modern chemistry that needs some hard thinking, but Mr. Hendrick makes it as easy as he can, telling just enough about stereo-chemistry, the benzol-ring, colloids, and ions to make the difficulty appreciated, if not to clear it away. He is like a friend in the hunting-field who warns you of a stiff fence, gives you a lead right up to it, and then says, "Well, never mind, there's a gate in the corner; let's go round!"

From this it will be gathered that Mr. Hendrick's book will not get you through any examination. If he interests you so much that you read to the end, that is all he wants, and it will not be his fault, if he fails. By that time you will certainly have realised the fundamental importance of chemistry to our civilisation, and you may think that chemists are at least as useful members of the community as are lawyers, and no less worthy of their hire. If you want to read more, there is a list of good books at the end. But "right here," as our author would say, we want to know why a book issued by "The University of London Press, Ltd." (the actual printers are Richard Clay & Sons) should not have been slightly adapted for British readers. One cannot help the frankly American character of the text, but the University editor might have added references to more books published in this country, and need not have given the address of well-known London publishers as "New York." Further, while accepting colloquialisms and even slang as proper to the object of the book, we decline to believe that bad grammar and awkward syntax ever aid understanding, and we regret to find a University setting on them its imprimatur.

#### OBERMANN ONCE MORE.

The Education of Henry Adams: An Autobiography. Houghton Mifflin Co. 21s. net.

SENATOR LODGE tells us in a brief but pertinent introduction that this volume by the contemplative member of an active and illustrious American family was at the outset only printed privately, because its author was dissatisfied as to its form. Henry Adams's diffidence is well founded. He wavers throughout between narrative and commonplace book; and when towards the close he tries to weave President McKinley and his friend, Secretary John Hay, into his dogmatic theory of history, those essentially practical politicians escape him. The telling of the story in the third person is also an unfortunate choice. That style suits lives of bodily enterprise such as Cæsar's or the Duke of Berwick's or General Dumouriez's. Military and naval memories, in fact, are best written that way. But the convention, when applied to spiritual explora-

tion becomes monotonous, despite occasional concessions such as "one thought" or "one felt" as a relief to the long, long trail of "Henry Adamses" and "hes."

Adams used to say, half in jest, that his great ambition was to complete St. Augustine's 'Confessions.' He has scarcely done that. There must have been a woman, probably several, in his life, but the feminine sex only appears as a kind of Cook's guide that whisks him off to Rome or Baireuth when he wants a change. He brings out the Brahminism of Boston in the late 'forties and early 'fifties uncommonly well; and paints pretty portraits of his austere grandfather, President John Quincy Adams, who, without a single word, dragged the boy off to school when he essayed mutiny; and of his grandmother, whom as a Marylander Boston never quite accepted. But we learn little of his father, John Francis Adams, who occupied the London Legation—there was no American Ambassador in those days—during an exceedingly trying time beyond that he had the supreme virtue of a closed mouth; and his mother and his brothers remain shadowy creations. Adams's emotional nature is, in short, a shut door, except, perhaps, as regards his affectionate intercourse with John Hay, Clarence King and the other best minds of his time. His intellectual nature, however, lies open to the eye, and it interests us, because it interests him. He is another Obermann, as revealed by Matthew Arnold, but an Obermann with a vast difference. Instead of saying, "Thou melancholy man!", we must exclaim, "Thou indomitable man!" Adams bravely fought against that sensitiveness and timidity to which he feelingly alludes in the last sentence of his book; he arose undismayed from failures that must have been bitterly mortifying, and to the last he was a courageous, if slightly undisciplined, seeker after truth.

Adams's English readers will fix upon the chapters in his autobiography covering his residence at the American Legation in London, as secretary to his father, during the war between the North and the South. There were days when the Minister fully expected that he might have to pack up his traps and be off, but despondency changed to hope and hope to certainty. We feel sure that Henry Adams was a much more efficient assistant to his father than he professes to have been, and that he exaggerates his awkwardness in London society. That society he illustrates with penetration; its women dressed badly, its dinners were mostly ordered from Gunter's, and therefore one like another, but on looking back he decides that no political house was ever so successful as Cambridge House under Lady Palmerston. Motley even appreciated the dinners, and extolled our country house life as perfection. Adams by no means subscribes to that opinion, as a whole; he thought us mediæval in the violence of the contrast between the extreme badness of the worst and the wit and distinction of the few. Still it is clear that he enjoyed himself thoroughly with the Milnes Gaskells in Shropshire, and paid a pleasant visit to Monckton Milnes at Fryston, where there was an eruption of Swinburne much as described by Mr. Gosse. For the rest his intellectual curiosity found scope in picture-hunting with Frank Palgrave, and in helping Sir Charles Lyell to clarify his ideas on the Darwinian hypothesis, a process they seem to have stood somewhat in need of.

On his return to the United States, Adams established himself at Washington as a journalist, expecting to find in General Grant another "father of his country," but actually discovering him to be an ally of Jay Gould. His family wisely persuaded him to retire from the untenable position, but we cannot see why Adams should decry that part of his lifelong education comprised by the assistant professorship of history he held at Harvard. Despite his profession of ignorance, we will warrant that he knew quite enough mediæval history to go on with, while its joint investigation, on which he engaged with his pupils, if unconventional, must have been stimulating. Anyhow, the rest of his life was passed as a man of letters and intellectual dilettante, with a home at Washington next door to



John Hay, and spiritual homes, frequently enjoyed, in Paris and Rome. His biographies of Jefferson and Madison are substantial contributions to literature, and it is disappointing that he does not tell us more about them. His dynamic theory of history, advanced in his 'Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres,' and developed in the last chapters of this book, seems more fascinating than sound. It appears to have ultimately landed Adams in a sort of cheerful Manichæanism, which St. Augustine would certainly have repudiated; and if he cleverly marshalled his dynamics, he failed to make them behave as well-conducted dynamics should. Thus he hoped to forecast the future by means of the past, but, though his guesses were shrewd, they have been disproved by inexorable fact. McKinley and Hay, he hoped, would build up in coal-power an effective alternative to gun-power. Have they? Russia, he considered, would take three generations to overcome the force of its inertia. Has it?

#### SOOTHING SYRUP.

The Principles of Citizenship. By Sir Henry Jones. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

The War and Social Reform. By W. Basil Worsfold. John Murray. 5s.

The War and Men's Minds. By Victoria de Bunsen. John Lane. 5s.

NINETY per cent. of serious books published in this country are intended for pseudo-intellectual consumption, and, of course, the publisher has to live as well as the author. Such books are no doubt usually meant to soothe the public, but these three volumes must irritate any reader who really looks for some kind of serious thought in Great Britain. Sir Henry Jones might quite decently have left Hegel in his grave instead of serving him up to the Y.M.C.A. by way of education for the British Army. Kant had his merits, but Hegel's philosophy contained all the poisonous fallacies which led to the convulsion of Europe for the last four years. His philosophy has been adequately expounded by the late Master of Balliol, whose style has a dryness which Sir Henry Jones would do well to imitate; for his own style, although at its best like that of Edward Caird, has all the saccharine verbosity of a Presbyterian extemporised prayer. The book deals with what are quite unreal abstractions, it is full of German tags, and on page 136 we are informed that "religion implies freedom." Sir Henry Jones might do well to learn a little Latin and waste less time on reading Browning's poetry. While cautiously condemning Germany on obvious points, he has apparently taught the British Army that the State is the parent and the schoolmaster of the citizen. He ingeniously combines several fallacies in one. In the first place, what he calls the State is really the nation, for the word "State" cannot properly be used, as Mr. Jenks has recently pointed out, of anything but the governing class or committee to whom the nation has given the power of government for the time being. In the second place, the "good life" is no more the object of one nation than another, and when a League of Nations is in being the "good life" might be supposed to have an international flavour about it. In the third place, no nation is worth its salt if the forces of improvement do not originate with individuals but derive their origin and impulse from politicians and bureaucrats. Let us hope that Sir Henry's Y.M.C.A. pupils have learnt more from the war than he has.

Mr. Worsfold's book suggests all the smoothness of an inferior photograph, and was quite possibly intended for what used to be known as "home propaganda." He uses the word Anglo-Saxon when he means English or British; like Sir Henry, he confuses the meaning of State and nation; and on page 197 he approves of the war Cabinet's satisfaction, as expressed in its Report for 1917, that "the unemployable have found jobs." On page 24 he appears to think that "war has been abolished" and that this is one of the compensation for the recent war. War will never be abolished; it can be made as rare as possible;

and even if it could, the fact is no compensation for the sufferings of those who have lost their health or reason in this war. The author's consolations are perhaps more securely founded on the excursion in simple faith on which he embarks in the first nine pages and which he seems to think sound theology. On more mundane grounds he is quite pleased by the work of the Liquor Control Board, though even if we assume what he says about it, he does not explain why the supply of wine should have been restricted. This was not done in France, and the restriction simply caused trouble at a time when it was important to keep the wheels of the community as well greased as possible. On page 173 he rejoices in the fact that the tax-payers will have to find fifty million pounds for houses in which they are not going to live. The widow and orphan and anyone who has lost earning power and lives on a fixed income will now have to pay for a deficiency which is not, as Mr. Worsfold says, mainly due to the war, for it is mainly due to idiotic taxes on land values which are about to be politely repealed and which ruined thousands of builders between 1910 and 1914. If in any given industry housing is required, the justice of the case would be met by that industry contributing the necessary deficit; though why a deficit should be necessary is not quite clear to the reader. Whether the employers or the employees in that industry have to pay for the houses is a question that does not concern the public at large; but the plan proposed by the Government and approved by Mr. Worsfold is flagrantly unjust, and there is quite enough of this unctuous nonsense in the newspapers without anyone being expected to read it in what purports to be a serious treatise.

Mrs. de Bunsen's persistent note of flatulent interrogation is at first less irritating than the dogmatic assumptions of Mr. Worsfold and Sir Henry Jones; but after reading no less than 185 pages of what she has to say the reader can only conclude, like the gentleman who came down the chimney to see Mrs. Nickleby, that "all is gas and gaiters." Typical titles of the chapters are 'Religion in the Crucible,' 'The Challenge of Personal Experience,' 'The Restatement of Personality,' and 'The Road for Travelling Souls.' Like Miss Dartle, she is always asking for information; but somehow gives the impression that she does not after all want it. On page 41 she writes, "What then do we mean by authority?" We could forgive her if, like jesting Pilate, she did not wait for an answer, but it is difficult for any conscientious reviewer not to resent the stream of irrelevant verbiage which flows on for twenty-five pages more. Authority in its ecclesiastical sense may very simply be defined as the exposition of truth which *ex hypothesi* need not be verified, but if the author had been in the habit of answering her own questions she could never have written these 185 pages.

#### DILLY AND DALLY.

Dilly and Dally. By Poy and William McCartney. Thornton Butterworth. 2s. 6d. net.

THERE is no half-way house in war. It is a time of high light and sharp relief, where the good is very good and the bad unspeakable. This same War gave us Miss Cavell and the man who murdered her, it gave us the vast British hospitality to Belgium and the German deportations of Belgian women. But the contrasts were not, unhappily, only between the Allies and their enemies. It showed in the same people the authentic gesture of heroism side by side with grovelling meanness and corruption—the boy of 21 dying to secure the fortunes of the profiteer. And it developed in the surging spirit of those who find a written outlet for emotion the wings of the lark and the attitude in the other sort of those who eat lark-pie. It produced, for instance, Julian Grenfell, Rupert Brooke and all their golden host, while, on the other hand, it also produced "Poy" and Mr. McCartney.

The best things in the world are courage and beauty and love. Our soldier poets caught these things to them, and were changed by them into the likeness of Katherine Tynan's "little Knights of Paradise. They

had their reward—an easy, an easy road either to comfortable sleep or to long fame. "Poy" and Mr. McCartney preferred the reward that comes from those who acclaim the insistent abuse of the defenceless. While Grenfell and the rest were dying to save those who could not save themselves, "Poy" was merrily taunting munition-workers, who were bound to their work for their country's sake, goading the public in dark hours to make unbearable the lives of those who had found refuge from a hated Germany in England, and helping in every movement that trampled in the mud the great names temporarily in eclipse. And like the fighters "Poy" has his reward. He too has an easy road—the Northcliffe road—to fame, not long fame, nor fame that many would care to have, but still fame enough to have a full page in *The Times*. With these laurels crowned "Poy" has invented two types of those who give service to their country—Dilly and Dally. They take their place in his triad with "Cuthbert." "Cuthbert" returned thanks to "Poy" on the day that a Memorial Service was held in Westminster Abbey for some thousands of fallen Civil Servants. "Poy" failed on that day to produce a laughable presentation of the fact, but it may well be that it escaped his notice. "Dilly" and "Dally" have not yet had their opportunity. For the moment they must be content with the reflection that this printed volume remains to be considered later by the curious in cool blood. If only the drawing had any quality of permanence, their revenge would be ample and assured. But we fear that when those who come after search for the pure light of English chivalry and find it in the poets, they will not find the shadow upon which the hoofs of the horsemen rang, because it will have been forgotten. If only "Poy" could have drawn and Mr. McCartney written!

War is a bad business, and malice is not the worst of it. We might, perhaps, have left these gentlemen to the salutations of their friends had it not been for the apology for their work. "We are not murderers," Mr. McCartney observes.

We had not ourselves thought of so describing them. But if a description is at their suggestion to be borrowed from the criminal character, perhaps suicides would fit. For what they killed, or sought to kill, was the quality of decency and human warmth in their own hearts.

#### "WESTMINSTER BRIDGE."

A Westminster Pilgrim. By Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., Mus. Doc. Novello & Hutchinson. 16s. net.

THIS bulky but entertaining book recounts a great deal more than the story of a pilgrimage to Westminster. It might excusably claim to be the history of the Abbey itself during the last half-century—Coronations, funerals, choral functions, musical services, etc., having all the prominence that the organist would naturally consider their due. Yet even that would not nearly cover the whole of the ground taken up in course of Sir Frederick Bridge's 350 pages. First and foremost, it is an autobiography of the chatty gossip order; the life-story of a singularly busy musician who rose from the ranks, who came into contact with many of the leading men of his time, and who by his own showing never lost an opportunity for profiting by his talents or his peculiar fund of ready wit and jocularly. But in addition to this it deals now and again with serious musical topics, more particularly, of course, those which have come within the orbit of the author's own wide professional experience; and when it does so it is not only interesting but instructive and valuable.

A musician with a genuine sense of humour is something of a *rara avis*. As a rule he thinks he can only assert his dignity by being as solemn as a judge and as self-satisfied as a *cordon bleu*. "Westminster Bridge" indulged his fondness for jokes—practical, verbal, and otherwise—from the time he was a choir-boy at Rochester Cathedral; and the habit has never deserted him. Moreover, he has either had a wonderful knack of remembering these little achievements, or he has set them down on paper as he threw them off; otherwise these pages would hardly be so crowded with all sorts and sizes of them. We have a shrewd suspicion, however, that Sir Frederick has been an imitator in more senses than one of the Samuel Pepys to whom he paid tribute some years ago by writing "a study of the diarist from his musical side." His anecdotes, if not of equal quality all through, have often the double merit of being quaint and of throwing an illuminative side-light upon the personages whom they concern. He has many good things to tell us, for instance, about Dean Stanley, not omitting the latter's confession that the musical instrument he really cared for most was the big drum; and his corresponding disappointment with the new organist's rendering of the Dead March in 'Saul,' until the performer had discovered a method of reproducing the drum-roll which, as we now know, makes the very walls and windows of the Abbey quiver and rattle. He notices from the organ loft how King Edward sang in Sullivan's "Onward Christian Soldiers," at the Duke of Cambridge's funeral, "in the manly, hearty fashion that was so characteristic of him"; and how Mr. Lloyd George aroused his admiration by the way he joined in the favourite Welsh hymns at the Special Welsh Service.

He is proud of his association with Mr. Gladstone, whose Latin translation of "Rock of Ages" he set to music; he notes that "of Mr. Gladstone's personal attainments in music, it is said that he used to play the violoncello and possessed a charming tenor voice," and again, "It is interesting to recall that in the midst of the long and patiently borne sufferings of his last illness, he found a solace in consoling music." With Tennyson, too, the Westminster organist was also at one time on friendly terms and gave at his house a private performance of choral settings of "Christmas Bells" (from 'In Memoriam') and the humorous poem, 'The Goose,' which he set to music in a mock-sentimental way that pleased the poet greatly. "That," said Tennyson, "is the poem the critics said showed I had no sense of humour," and afterwards, echoing some complimentary observation of a friend, he perpetrated an obvious pun on the composer's name by remarking, "In fact, the current of my poetry will be *Bridged*." Which rather goes to prove that after all the critics were right. It is worthy of note that the author prides himself more on his acquaintances and friendships, his jokes and his salmon-fishing, his ability to outdo a competitor in the struggle for a vacant post, and so forth, than he does on his organ-playing (he openly admits that his extempore-playing was not very good); and this fact lends special point to a story he tells of an incident that occurred during one of the Coronation rehearsals: "Two ladies were standing in the Cloisters talking, when a sound from the Abbey arrested their attention. 'Listen,' said one, 'that's Sir Walter Parratt at the organ.' 'Oh, no,' said her friend, 'That's not Sir Walter—he can't play like that!—it's Sir Frederick Bridge.' Unfortunately it was not the sound of the organ, but the noise made by a vacuum-cleaner!"

It is precisely in regard to the music of the Abbey generally, and his own instrument in particular, that we encounter the more serious side of Sir Frederick's

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recollections. Like his present successor, Mr. Sydney Nicholson, he came to Westminster from Manchester Cathedral, and he was there altogether forty-three years—a record remarkable in itself, apart from his work at the Coronations of King Edward and King George, the Jubilee Services, the weddings and funerals, and the various national functions which are described in such ample detail. There is permanent utility also in many of the wise hints and suggestions on musical education, notably at the Universities and academic institutions, which he contributes out of his extensive experience as teacher, examiner, lecturer, and conductor. He quotes the present Lord Moulton as advising him to try for his Doctor's degree:—"Don't neglect that. Get all the degrees you can, and as soon as you can." But we were not sure that in the sequel he increases our esteem for the procedure which leads to the ultimate bestowal of the "Mus. Doc." By his own showing, at any rate, luck and good guesswork have something to do with success in the oral examination. Among other people he says some interesting things about Manuel Garcia, but we do not quite agree that the latter's reputation does not rest as largely upon his success as a voice-trainer as his work as a scientist and the inventor of the laryngoscope. By the way, the illustrations are of exceptional interest, and the whole book is excellently got up.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Messrs. Sotheby's sale for Wednesday, Thursday and Friday next includes a couple of illuminated manuscripts and four Kilmesscott books from the library of Burne-Jones, a great part of the library of Professor Charles Eliot Norton with many Ruskin books, some of the sumptuous Pierpont-Morgan and Fairfax Murray catalogues, a large collection of works on art, and many historical and philosophical books. Otherwise the sale is noteworthy for the number of illustrated books it contains—English and Eighteenth Century French, for some valuable books on music, and for no less than four first editions of 'Paradise Lost,' a Lyly, two Winkin de Wordes—one of them hitherto undescribed—and a Third Folio Shakespeare. The sale on June 2nd is devoted to important historical documents.

**JOYS OF THE OPEN AIR.** By William Graveson. Headley. 3s. 6d. net. Mr. Graveson is evidently an expert lover of Nature, and his sixteen papers on flowers and birds are pleasant reading. He has enjoyed his holidays in the country, and should communicate something of his feeling to the reader, especially as he adds to his observations a good selection of poetry from the masters of old and the less-known bards of the present age. We are glad to see that he takes an interest in popular names for flowers which pedantry and ignorance alike tend to obscure. It is quite true, and little known, that the bluebell of May-time was in earlier days called the harebell, though that name is now generally confined to the Scottish *Campanula*. We think it rather fanciful to suggest that a duck's nest among bluebells was due to its æsthetic sense of the beauty of their colour. This kind of anthropomorphism applied to the world of Nature is popular, but unscientific.

The cherry trees, splendid this year in their white robes, recall to Mr. Graveson an apt quotation from 'The Egoist.' The freakish forms between primrose, cowslip and oxlip are curious in their variety, and we have seen a whole garden full of them. The "canker" as a name for the dog-rose can still be heard near London. While it is allowable to play with fancies that the foxglove represents the glove of the folks (i.e., the fairies), Mr. Graveson should not lend support to this mid-Victorian derivation as being as good as any other. The labours of scholars in getting the meanings of words right are disregarded by the average man; but they should be recognised by all who are interested in education, or, indeed, who have any expert knowledge of their own. Mr. Graveson would not like us to make errors in botany; and he should do his best to assist those who are reducing errors in philology.

A kindly feeling for birds ought to be universal, and we note with pleasure that the author observes them with loving care and tolerates their depredations. He has taken, like other naturalists of the right sort, to nesting boxes, a fashion we much prefer to that of collecting stuffed birds.

**ENGLISH LITERATURE FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS—SILAS MARNER,** by George Eliot, abridged for Schools by May Copsey (Macmillan, 1s. 6d. net).

"Silas Marner" says the Introduction, "is a little masterpiece in story-telling. The homely subject treated with such brevity cannot fail to appeal to the story-lover. . . . We applaud these sentiments, but surely they indicate a criticism of an abbeviator. We do not approve of the principle of cutting down brief masterpieces for schools; and we notice that the editor has curtailed one of the best pieces of George Eliot we know, the conversation at the Rainbow and the subsequent discussion about choosing a deputy policeman. Here is the village mind revealed by a master hand, a thing that the town-dweller ought to appreciate better than he does. The conversation between Priscilla and Nancy about their dresses is omitted, an

essential detail, we should have thought, to establish the character of Nancy. The conversation between her and her husband when the revelation of the child's real birth has come is reduced, and the point as to whether the village ought to know of it omitted. Next comes Marner's visit to Lantern Yard, to find all his old associations swept away. This, too, is omitted.

The Notes occupy less than two pages. Yet several dialect words occur which are worth explanation. We doubt if the ordinary student knows what rosemary is, and a reference to Shakespeare would have served to emphasise the fact that George Eliot came from his country and wrote of rustics like his. The Questions and Subjects for Short Compositions added at the end will be useful to teachers; but we think they might very well be able to compose such things themselves.

In fine, we prefer to the present edition the first item mentioned in the Aids to Further Study—viz., "The complete story."

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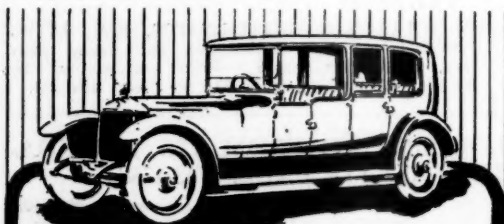
The motoring fraternity may unanimously rejoice that on Saturday last the war-time system of petrol licensing came to an end. As from that date they are free to purchase petrol at any time and in any quantity. There is the further advantage of not having to pay the war super-tax of 6d. per gallon, which also lapsed on Saturday. The tax that motorists have already paid on unused licence vouchers may be reclaimed from the Petrol Control Department, 1, Berkeley Street, London, W. Readers applying for the rebate should remember to send their petrol licences at the same time. We have heard much of the efficiency and inefficiency of the Petrol Control Department, but every motor user will be glad that its days as an administrative body are now at an end.

There has recently been a widespread renewal of police prosecutions against motorists for having indistinct or obliterated number plates on their cars. In many cases the police issue two summonses, one against the driver of the car, and another against the owner for aiding and abetting the offence. To establish the latter charge it is necessary that the cause of the offence shall be within the car owner's control. This the police contend, it is, for they submit that every owner of a motor vehicle should see that the number plates are in such a position that they cannot be obliterated by road material, or from other cause. Many car owners have the front number painted on the radiator, and it is found that unless the paint is frequently renewed the heat of the water circulation causes the number to become gradually obliterated. In certain districts the police are keeping a very keen eye on offenders from this cause. Motorists should also remember that the law rigidly specifies the size of identification marks. All letters and figures on a

number plate must be at least  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins. high and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. broad. The total width of the space taken by every letter or figure, excepting the figure 1, must be  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ins. It is also required that the space between adjoining letters or figures shall be  $\frac{1}{2}$  in.; that there shall be a margin at the top and bottom of the plate at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  in., and at the ends of the plate of at least 1 in.

Many correspondents have mentioned to us the difficulty they are experiencing in getting repairs to their cars executed just now. Undoubtedly the repair garages are overwhelmed with work, and if a car is wanted very urgently it is well to go into the question of how long the job will take before the car is surrendered. Many firms, of course, will give no definite promise, ascribing their attitude to the difficulty in obtaining skilled labour, tools, or replacement parts. One knows at least what to anticipate in dealing with them, but it is certainly annoying to take one's car to a garage for a trivial repair and then have it detained for a seemingly unreasonable length of time. We know of several cars that were much desired by their owners for the recent Easter recess, but were unusable owing to the fact that they were waiting their turn to pass through the repairer's hands. The enthusiastic motorist who is competent to do running repairs himself stands at a great advantage just now over the owner-driver who must take his car to a garage for every adjustment.

Several journals have endorsed the views we expressed a fortnight ago regarding the unsatisfactory practice of advertising second-hand cars without stating a price. A prominent motoring weekly says that merely from the vendor's point of view the custom is absurd, as an advertisement quoting a reasonable price is much more likely to secure answers from prospective purchasers.



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In the Consols market it is not expected that the new Government funding loan will be issued until after the signing of the Peace Treaty. In that case the opportunity of gathering in a good proportion of the big War Loan dividends to be distributed on June 1st will be lost unless special efforts are made to impress upon investors that the new loan is coming soon and that they will be well-advised to reserve as much as possible of their available resources for the purpose of subscribing to it.

Meanwhile the State Treasurer of Victoria, Australia, has chosen a very favourable time for issuing the loan required to meet the maturing of £4,000,000 of 4 per cent. bonds in October next. In point of fact only £3,000,000 is being raised now, as the State is able to pay off the other million. The new issue is in 5½ per cent. debentures at par convertible into stock and and redeemable 1924-34. Canada has a £6,000,000 3½ per cent. loan falling due for repayment in July which is to be met in cash; but another Canadian loan issue is probably due before long.

From the City's standpoint the debate on the Budget this week has provided little interest, apart from the insistence in certain quarters on the desirability of a capital levy. In another place Mr. Lawson Johnstone made a useful reference to the graduated tax on profits which has been recommended from time to time. The nominal capital of a company or individual is no criterion of the amount used. Profits are earned, not only on the capital owned, but only the credit obtained and the enterprise employed. Credit is granted by banks to customers in relation to their integrity and acumen. A graduated tax on profits would penalise the man with small capital and good credit, because his profits would be high in relation to his capital, and it would favour the man with small credit and a large or idle capital, because his ratio of profits would be small.

There has been some confusion about the reported Presidential decree permitting the Argentine railways to increase their rates by 10 per cent. An increase of 22 per cent. came into force in November, 1917, and notice was given by the railways of an additional 10 per cent. to take effect in September last, to meet the enhanced costs imposed upon them by concessions to employees after the strikes in the autumn of 1917. This addition was vetoed by the Government, but is now understood to have been sanctioned after eight months' delay. It is roughly calculated that the increase will make a difference of about 2 per cent. in net earnings on the ordinary stocks of the B.A. Great Southern, B.A. Western and Central Argentine Railways and 5 per cent. on the B.A. and Pacific. But apart from the financial benefit, the decree is regarded as significant of a more friendly attitude on the part of the Argentine Government towards the railways.

The chairman of the B.A. Great Southern Railway (Mr. A. E. Bowen), who is now in Argentina, is also chairman of the Primitiva Gas Company, and strong hopes are entertained that he will succeed in coming to a satisfactory arrangement with the Municipality of Buenos Ayres on behalf of the Gas Company. At the end of 1917 the Municipality owed the company £133,500, which indebtedness has considerably increased since that date, and the company has been severely penalised through being prevented from making higher charges for gas supplies to meet the enormously increased cost of coal. No dividend has been paid on the 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares since 1915, owing to the antagonistic attitude of the municipal authorities, and unless there is a marked change in the treatment of British interests in the Republic capital will become shy of Argentine.

A bonus of some sort is expected for ordinary and preference shareholders in the Marconi (parent) Company. If the company is successful in its claim against the Government there should be a substantial sum to distribute, and apart from that, the company's holdings of shares in subsidiary concerns stand in the balance-sheet at sums very considerably below their market value. It is suggested that this hidden reserve may be capitalised in some form. At present prices the preference shares appear to be the better purchase. They receive 7 per cent. cumulative and rank *pari passu* with the ordinary shares for distribution of surplus profits after the latter have received 10 per cent. So, if the ordinary get 25 per cent. the preference get 22 per cent., and the higher the dividend the smaller is the difference in the relative value of the two classes of shares.

Everybody in the Oil share market is convinced in his own mind that the Shell group has made or will make a substantial and suitable offer for control of Lobitos Oilfields. This company has been the subject of similar rumours for years; but until a year or so ago it was the American Standard Oil who wanted control in order to round off its large holdings in Peru, where the company's properties are situated. The war regulations prohibiting the sale of oil shares to foreigners seemed to put an end to those operations, and the Lobitos Company has since passed a resolution enabling the directors to refuse to transfer shares to any person or corporation deemed by them to be under foreign control or influence. The Shell group is 60 per cent. Dutch, although the Shell Company itself is British. Rumour has it that the offer to be made to Lobitos shareholders will be worth £6 a share; but it does not explain exactly how the non-foreign influence resolution is to be steered round. The official comment on the rumours is in the form of a flat denial of any negotiations.

Oil producing is an expensive business. The impression that you just drill a hole and the oil does the rest is not strictly correct. The Trinidad Leaseholds Company is an example of a well-managed oil concern. The issued capital is £669,500 out of £850,000 authorised, and the shares stood at about 3½ at the beginning of the week. The company paid its maiden dividend of 10 per cent. this year, and the next development is the raising of £786,937 more capital by the issue of 349,750 new shares at 45s. each, offered to shareholders in the proportion of one new for every two held. The authorised capital is to be increased to £1,500,000. That the directors after having paid but one dividend should propose to raise a considerable amount of new capital at such a high price is testimony to the confidence with which the future is regarded. But successful oil producing requires a lot of capital—a point to be observed by inexperienced investors.

The rise in Oil shares could not continue indefinitely and migratory jobbers who have moved into the Kaffir market are probably correct in believing that there will be more business to do in mines in the next month or two. South Africans have already had quite a revival based partly on the hope that the companies will be enabled to obtain a better price for their product to offset the rise in costs and partly on the indications of better conditions as regards labour supplies and a probable reaction in some of the influences which have handicapped development during the year.

The Fine Cotton Spinners and Doublers Association is capitalising £490,000 of reserve fund and distributing it to ordinary shareholders in the form of preferred ordinary shares carrying 5 per cent. per annum cumulative. After this distribution the reserve will stand at £880,750. The company seems to be in a sound position to expand its business, as well as regain that portion which has been held up by the war, and the ordinary shares are a promising industrial investment, though naturally subject to the inevitable fluctuations of trade.



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EXTRA-ORDINARY GENERAL MEETINGS of the shareholders of this company were held at the Central Hall, Westminster, on the 19th inst., Mr. Joseph Hood, M.P., one of the Deputy-Chairmen, being elected to the chair.

The Chairman said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—I propose to take the meeting at which both the Preference and Ordinary shareholders are entitled to be present, namely, the one called to consider the alteration of the articles of association, and with your permission we will take the notice as read. (Agreed.) Most of the directors are the active managers of the business and occupy positions of responsibility, and in those positions are paid salaries. I may mention that no directors' fees are paid, and, therefore, those directors who do not occupy the positions of managers or some other responsible position do not get any remuneration from the company in any form. We therefore desire to have powers to remunerate directors for services as mentioned by Clause No. 3 of the resolution. We also thought that it would be a convenient time, as this meeting was to be held, to take the opportunity of inserting a new article permitting any capital assets in excess of the company's paid-up capital to be distributed among the holders of the Ordinary shares as and by way of a capital distribution. That is carried out in Clause 6 of the resolution. In taking these powers I do not desire to indicate that we have any intention, at any rate at present, of using the power but we think it desirable to have it. I therefore beg to propose the resolution to alter the articles of association, and will ask Mr. Cunliffe Owen to second it.

Mr. H. Cunliffe Owen seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

I now come to the meeting at which the Ordinary shareholders only are entitled to attend and vote. Dealing with the proposed issue to the directors, I would like to point out that the net profits of the company have increased from £148,541 in the first year of its existence to £3,140,174 in the sixteenth year—namely, the last completed year up to 30th September last. Up to the year 1911 there were practically only two shareholders of the company, namely, the American Tobacco Company and the Imperial Tobacco Company. On the distribution of the shares of the American Tobacco Company the articles of association were altered to empower the Board to allot to directors, officials or employees of the company or of any other company in which the company from time to time own shares, on such terms as the Board should from time to time determine, but in no case at less than par, provided that the total number of shares so allotted, including all theretofore allotted, should never exceed 10 per cent. of the Ordinary share capital of the company at the time authorised. While the directors have power to make an allotment up to 10 per cent. of the total authorised Ordinary share capital to the class mentioned, that has not been acted upon and the number has never exceeded 10 per cent. of the actual Ordinary shares issued.

The terms of the agreement which each director will have to enter into are, roughly, these—that a certain number of shares to be fixed by the Board will on application within three months be allotted to him at the price of £2 per share, a fifth of which will become his absolute property at the end of each of the five years, but if he dies in the meantime or resigns his directorship or ceases to be employed by the company, the shares still remaining the subject of the agreement have to be sold by the secretary of the company, and the director is repaid out of the proceeds the sum of £2 per share, being the amount which he has paid for the shares, and the balance is appropriated for the benefit of the company and forms part of its funds. In addition, each director has to give security for the performance of his part of the indenture. It will thus be seen that each of the directors must serve the five years before obtaining the full benefit of the shares proposed to be allotted to him.

I now come to the second part of the resolution, which provides for the issue of 2,131,733 Ordinary shares to the Ordinary shareholders on the 5th June proximo in the proportion of one share for every three existing Ordinary shares, ignoring fractions. We propose to issue those shares at par, and the £1 per share will be payable on the 15th day of August next. As we indicated in the circular accompanying the notice, much larger capital is now required for the conduct of the business, due to the higher cost of leaf and all other materials and of labour and production generally, and as an instance we mention that we had to borrow from our bankers in September and October last the sum of £3,000,000 towards the expenses of the purchases of raw material. I am not suggesting that that sum in any way represented the amount we had to disburse, but it was a sum required to make up the amount required for purchases of leaf tobacco. We still owe our bankers the £3,000,000, and in addition there are other obligations which we have to meet in the form of excess profits duty and other taxation during the summer months. It is, therefore, necessary for us to have beyond our available resources a sum of at least between two and three millions to efficiently carry on the business of the company.

## DIVIDEND OUTLOOK.

Nearly eight months of our financial year have expired, and, so far as that goes, I may say that we have every hope that we shall this year be able to maintain the rate of dividend of 30 per cent. free of income-tax, upon the Ordinary shares. (Applause.) I hope that in saying that I shall not be taken to mean that we pledge ourselves to pay that dividend, because that would be further than we are prepared to say, but we have very confident hopes. I therefore beg to move the resolution, and will ask Mr. Hignett to second it.

Mr. L. Hignett seconded the resolution.

## CONSOLIDATED TRUST

## INCREASED DIVIDEND—GOVERNMENT EXTRAVAGANCE AND WASTEFUL EXPENDITURE.

THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Consolidated Trust, Ltd., was held on the 19th inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. Arthur A. Baumann (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—You will see from the accounts which are in your hands that the gross revenue of the company for the past year was £56,310 odd, and that after deducting management expenses and the interest on the Debenture stock the net revenue was £32,032. Adding the balance from last year of £8,758 we get an available balance of £40,790, which with your assent we propose to deal with as follows:—To pay a final dividend of 2 per cent. on the Four per Cent. First Preferred stock, a final dividend of 2½ per cent. on the Five and a-Half per Cent. Second Preferred stock, to pay a final dividend of 11 per cent. on the Deferred stock, less tax at 6s., making 15 per cent. for the year, and to carry forward to the next account £11,268. The dividend of 15 per cent. on our Deferred stock which we now recommend compares with 12½ per cent. paid last year. Arising from the change of investments, we have a credit balance of £7,938, which we have applied towards reducing the book value of certain of the Trust's investments. Now that the war is over we have made a valuation of our securities and we find there is a depreciation on the sum at which the securities stand in the balance-sheet of about 3 per cent., which, considering the circumstances through which we have passed, is a small amount, and we hope it may soon be recovered. But I think it must be obvious to all of us that if there is to be any real recovery in values in the City the Government must stop its career of continuous and increasing extravagance and wasteful expenditure. (Hear, hear.)

## NATIONAL EXPENDITURE.

The national expenditure for this year, as you know, is some £1,500,000,000, but what I think is not fully realised by the public is that about £300,000,000 of that expenditure has nothing whatever to do with the war. The sum of £1,200,000,000 may fairly be ascribed to the war. There is about £500,000,000 which is going to the support of the armies of occupation abroad, and I am told that, though we are shortly about to celebrate peace in London, there are still some eighteen campaigns going on in various parts of the world, and £700,000,000 is accounted for by the interest on the debt and the sinking fund, which is about £400,000,000, and the other £300,000,000 is the cost of administration—Civil Service—which has gone up 50 per cent. and so forth. Of that £1,200,000,000 we cannot so much complain—it is the result of the war—but over and above that £1,200,000,000 the Government proposes to spend some £350,000,000 on various schemes—on what they call social reforms, but what I call, or what certainly look like, bribes to the proletariat to keep out of Bolshevism. Here are some of the schemes on which they are going to spend £300,000,000:—Electrical power scheme (that is the latest fad), bread subsidy, education subsidy, unemployment doles, railway subsidy, coal subsidy and pensions. All this amounts to about £376,000,000. Now, where is all that money coming from? From the City of London chiefly—from you and me and the shareholders in companies like this. It is certainly not coming from the classes for whom these schemes are designed—certainly not from the classes who work with their hands, because Lord Peel told the House of Lords the other day, what is indeed common knowledge, that 80 per cent. of this enormous tax revenue comes from direct taxation—that is to say, from income-tax, super-tax, excess profits duty and death duties. Only 20 per cent., or one-fifth of a sum which I do not think in our lifetime is ever likely to be less than £1,000,000,000, comes from indirect taxes, or taxes on commodities, so that you see in reality it comes back to the classes that hold shares in finance companies in the City. It is we who have to find the bulk of this money. Other countries, like France and the United States and Italy, distribute taxation by means of tariffs, but in England, where we have no tariff, you can get a concentration of taxation. Four-fifths fall upon a class which is not much more than one-twentieth of the population.

## A PROTEST.

Now, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer has no other policy but a 10s. income-tax and a 50 per cent. death duty to meet this state of things, I predict financial and moral results of the most deplorable character, and I think that in the City all people of any influence and position, however small, and the Chairmen of financial companies ought—as they have to find most of the money—to raise their voices in protest. They ought to tell the Government that these schemes of social reform, however admirable they might be in normal times, ought now to be postponed until we have paid off some of our debts and until we have restored our currency to something like a sound metallic basis. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, with those remarks I will now proceed to move: "That the reports and accounts as submitted to this meeting be received and adopted, and that final dividends of 2 per cent. on the First Preferred stock, 2½ per cent. on the Second Preferred stock, and 11 per cent. on the Deferred stock, all less tax, be declared and paid, and that the balance of £11,268 6s. 8d. be carried forward." I will ask Mr. Haseltine to second that resolution.

Mr. Evelyn Haseltine seconded the motion.

## BANGAWAN RUBBER

IMPROVED POSITION AND PROSPECTS—NEW AREA  
BEING OPENED UP.

THE NINTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Bangawan Rubber, Ltd., was held on the 21st inst., at the registered offices of the company, 3 and 4, Great Winchester Street, E.C., Mr. W. J. Coterell (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. R. Lawrence Spicer, F.C.I.S.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—Turning to the accounts. In considering these it should be remembered that the period under review was almost entirely a war period, and one during which which few rubber companies have been able to maintain profits and still fewer to show any advance; and, although in our case the improvement is small, considering the greatly increased cost of everything we use on the estates, the difficulties in securing freight, the increased rates paid on this account, and war risk insurance, it is satisfactory to be able to show any increase at all and to have at last entered the list of dividend payers. Although the policy we have adopted of setting aside no less than £10,000 during the past two years from profits to preliminary expenses and property reserve account, in addition to debiting all the expenses both in London and Borneo to revenue, has led to the curtailment and postponement of dividends, we feel sure our action will meet with your approval. It will also be seen that the loan account, which has been such a heavy item in this company's accounts for so many years, has entirely disappeared, and with its disappearance I think we show to-day a balance-sheet beyond criticism.

Turning to the position of the estates, I cannot do better than give you extracts from the annual report of Mr. Bewsher, the general manager. Mr. Bewsher writes:—"1. The property is clean throughout, and the trees have a bright and healthy appearance. They show a good growth during the year." "2. Tapping on the whole has been well carried out and wounding and bark consumption has been carefully supervised, and the board may rest assured that this very important work is being kept up to the mark." "3. The property is generally in first-rate condition, and has improved immensely during the last year." The British North Borneo Company arranged during the year that Mr. Maurice Maude should inspect and report upon our property. The advent of a new visiting agent is always a matter of interest to both directors and managers, as the "new broom," very rightly, has a way of laying about him with energy if there is anything to find fault with, and Mr. Maude is no exception to this rule. It is, therefore, gratifying to be able to tell you that he most heartily confirmed the manager's report as to the condition of our properties. You will see from this that our improved financial position has not been gained by economy at the expense of the estate, but rather in spite of thoroughly tackling any problem which has presented itself and spending any money that could be spent beneficially. No additions were made to the planted area during the year 1918, but it is intended to plant up a further 1,000 acres as labour is available, and already 250 acres have been felled and cleared ready for planting this year. As the cost of this addition will be met out of revenue it is only fair to tell you, after your long wait for dividends, that it will not curtail the distribution of profits to a greater extent than from 2 per cent. to 3 per cent. per annum during the period in which it is being brought to maturity. We could not wisely set aside a lesser sum to reserve, and for a rubber company there is no better reserve than new rubber coming along.

The prospects for this year are favourable, and if our manager's estimate of a crop of 400,000 lbs. at a cost of 10.2d. f.o.b., including all expenditure, is realised, as it should be, our next accounts will show a further step in the right direction. We take a hopeful view of the future of the market for rubber, and in view of the fact that it is possible to-day to sell the whole of our crop up to the end of 1920 at a price that would leave us with a good profit, this confidence seems justified; but in order to secure our position we have sold forward to the end of 1920 sufficient rubber to cover practically all estimated expenses. The price realised for these sales ranges from 1s. 10d. to 1s. 10½d. into godown Singapore for standard sheet and covers something under one-third of our crop, so that the position to-day is that we have insured all expenses until the end of 1920, and approximately all other sales will represent clear profit. In addition to the dividend of 3 per cent. to the 31st December last, which we shall ask you to confirm to-day, the directors have declared an interim dividend on account of the profits for the current year of a like amount. Mr. Maude's report says:—"This is certainly one of the best managed estates that I have been to. It is by no means an easy estate to supervise; not only is it well supervised, but it has also been worked on economical lines. Your staff appear to be very keen on their work. Mr. Bewsher is a very energetic and keen man. He seems to have thought of nothing else except his work, and under his management your estate is bound to prosper." I now propose:—"That the report and accounts to the 31st December, 1918, be received and adopted, and that dividend of 3 per cent., less income tax, be paid on the 11th June to the shareholders registered on the books of the company this day."

Mr. T. A. Gallie seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

## SPLITTING OF THE SHARES.

At an extra-ordinary general meeting which was afterwards held it was resolved: "That each of the 125,000 issued shares of £1 each and each of the 75,000 unissued shares of £1 each in the company be divided into ten shares of 2s. each."

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE LIFE  
AND GENERAL ASSURANCECAPITAL INCREASED TO PROVIDE FOR CONTINUED  
EXPANSION.

THE FIFTY-SIXTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the London and Lancashire Life and General Assurance Association, Ltd., was held on the 20th inst., at the Offices, 66 and 67, Cornhill, E.C., Mr. Vesey G. M. Holt (the Chairman) presiding, said: Gentlemen,—The life department shows a very marked improvement in almost every respect. The new premium income of £56,748 is the largest ever obtained by the association in any one year, being greater than the previous best (1917) by £8,299. One thousand eight hundred and thirty-four policies, assuring sums amounting to £956,166, were issued. Of these 1,029 policies for £549,319, producing a premium income of £41,600, represented business obtained in the United Kingdom, and the balance that obtained in the colonies. The life assurance funds have increased by £112,878, and are now £4,102,636. The mortality experience, while less favourable than was usual previous to the war, nevertheless shows a marked improvement over any year since 1913. The net rate of interest earned on the life and annuity funds amounted to £4 2s. 6d. per cent., as against £4 0s. 2d. for 1917. Dealing with the fire department it will be observed that the net premium income amounted to £189,328, being an increase of £87,933 as compared with 1917. The losses paid and outstanding were £90,752, being at the rate of 48 per cent.—a less favourable experience than that of the preceding years—and there remains a balance of £3,721, which is carried to profit and loss account. It is interesting to note that the combined net premium income of the life, accident and general departments amounted to £282,434, being an increase of £94,632 as compared with the previous year, and the funds of the departments have been increased by £39,494.

The total funds and assets, excluding uncalled capital, are increased by £163,581, and now stand at £5,097,270.

Our investments in Stock Exchange securities have increased by £201,274, and of this amount £195,000 is represented by British Government securities. The item appearing on the liabilities side, "Loan from bankers," is almost for the same amount as last year, but I would remark that during the year we repaid £150,000 of the 1917 loan from bankers.

I will now refer to the matters to be submitted for your consideration at the extra-ordinary general meeting. The circular enclosed with the notice of meeting has gone very fully into these matters, which are in short:—Firstly, to increase the capital of the association; secondly, to change its title to that of "London and Scottish Assurance Corporation, Ltd."; thirdly, to make certain alterations in the articles of association. Since our last issue of capital in 1910 the business of the association has greatly increased. The reports and accounts which we have just had before us show that, in addition to the continued growth of the "Life" business, the departments which were then established, now produce a net premium income in excess of £280,000 per annum. The total income of the association exceeds £900,000 per annum, and the total assets are in excess of £5,000,000. In view of these developments and the continued expansion of the business your directors feel that the time has come when the capital should be increased. The present capital of the association consists of a subscribed capital of £333,825, with a paid-up capital of only £66,765. It is proposed, therefore, to issue a further 53,235 shares at £3 2s. 6d. per share, which would make the subscribed capital £600,000 and the paid-up capital £120,000. The whole of the proceeds of this issue will be employed in the further development of our business and the strengthening of our reserves and general position. We propose, at the same time, to increase the authorised capital to the rough figure of £1,000,000, but we have no present intention of making any further issue of shares, beyond the 53,235 to which I have referred.

In order to remove difficulties which have arisen in consequence of this confusion of names, your directors have entered into a provisional agreement with the directors of the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company, under which, subject to your approval and that of the Board of Trade, this association will assume the title of London and Scottish Assurance Corporation, Ltd. The agreement provides that the London and Lancashire Fire shall pay to this association a sum of money to cover the expenses in connection with the change and possible loss of goodwill. It also contains provisions for the protection of our goodwill, so far as is consistent with the change of name.

I now beg to move that the report of the directors, together with the statement of revenue accounts and balance-sheet and the auditors' certificate, be received, adopted and entered on the minutes, and that the dividend and bonus on the association's shares recommended by such report be and the same are hereby declared.

The Deputy Chairman (Mr. Richard S. Guinness) seconded the motion.

## EXTRA-ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING.

An extra-ordinary general meeting was afterwards held, when resolutions were unanimously passed increasing the capital of the company to £1,000,000 by the creation of 130,000 additional shares of £5 each, ranking for dividend and in all other respects pari passu with the existing shares of the company, and confirming an agreement dated 18th March, 1919, made between the company and the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company, Ltd.